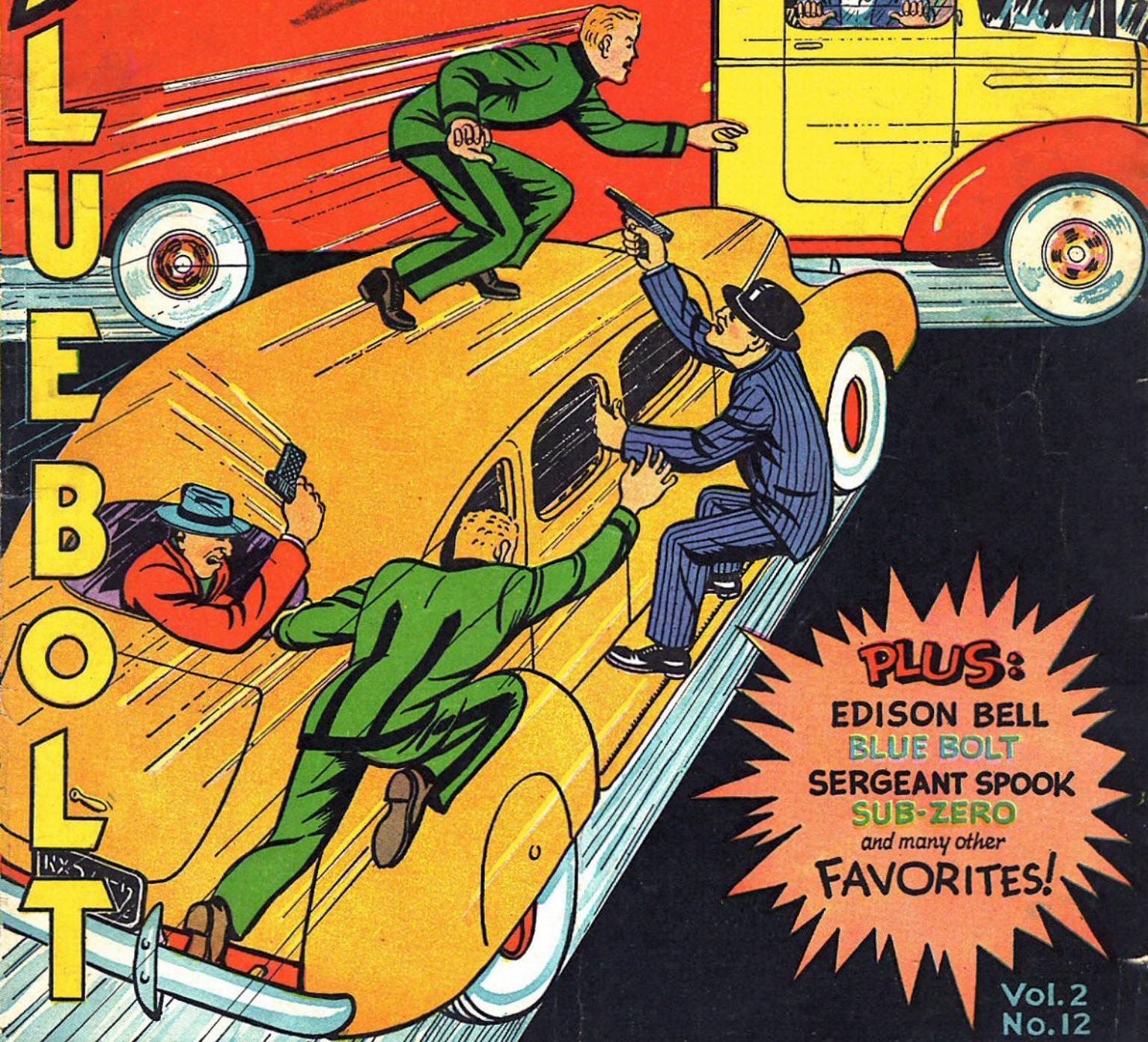


Featuring:

DICK COLE

May 1948

BLUE BOLT



PLUS:
EDISON BELL
BLUE BOLT
SERGEANT SPOOK
SUB-ZERO
and many other
FAVORITES!

Vol. 2
No. 12

WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



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YE EDITORS' PAGE

Dear Readers:

Your letters to this page almost without exception for the last few issues have been tossing "bouquets" into the Editors' laps. We're mighty pleased of course; however, everyone needs some constructive criticism now and then which hasn't been forthcoming from you on BLUE BOLT. Since we can't find a single letter telling us that something is wrong with BLUE BOLT, instead of printing several letters telling us how good it is, we're going to answer a question that many of you have asked from time to time; namely:

WHO DRAWS THE COMICS?

One of our very genial artists is John Jordan. He entered his profession "the hard way"—via the newspaper route. He was a cartoonist for a number of papers, the last one being the New York Evening Journal. When the famous editor-columnist Arthur Brisbane looked around for a skillful artist to draw the well known Sunday editorial cartoons that appeared with his column, he found John Jordan a very able interpreter of his ideas. When Brisbane died, Jordan entered this field, and has been at it ever since. Oh, yes—of course you know, he draws "Sergeant SPOOK."

If you look closely at "Old Cap Hawkins' Tales", you'll find a wealth of detail showing thoroughness of the artist who draws this feature. That's the work of Henry Kiefer, who has studied art here and abroad. For many years, he was in Europe, and he has specialized in historical subjects. He is a book illustrator, too, and started drawing cartoon features some six years ago for the very first original comic magazine, "New Fun",—remember?

So very many of you boys and girls have written in about the "Edison Bell" feature that we should tell you a little about the fellows who create, write, and draw it. This is a "team"—that is, two persons cooperate on the material: Harold Delay is the artist; Ray Gill is the idea man and writer. The combination has worked out very well, though artist Delay is old enough to be Ray's father!

Artist Delay has been drawing for many years, and at one time lived in China. His hobby is model-making, so what would be more ideal as a livelihood than to illustrate the wonderful ideas that Ray Gill creates? Delay makes many of the things that he draws in "Edison Bell", right on his kitchen table—and gets a lot of fun and pleasure from it.

Ray Gill has written a number of "how-to-build" articles for magazines, edited a "Hobby Pocketbook Series", taught cartooning for a while at summer school, and goes in for all kinds of hobbies. We've heard that he has a model train layout that would make any miniature railroad fan turn green with envy, and that he knows stamps and photography. This wide interest in all kinds of "how-to-make" things is what makes his collaboration with artist Delay so interesting and lively. Yes—he's only a young fellow, and when he and artist Delay get their heads together there's sure to be a brand new, exciting, and fun-to-build gadget hot off the drawing board.

These boys as well as the other artists drawing for BLUE BOLT take much more than a commercial interest in their work and have always read your letters which comment on their strips with great interest. Ideas and suggestions presented by you are carefully discussed by them and incorporated into their work whenever possible.

From time to time we'll give you more thumbnail sketches of the fellows who draw your favorite features such as "funnyman" Jack Warren whose brain children are "Kisko and Jasper." So until the next issue, the best of luck to you all and don't forget your defense work to KEEP 'EM FLYING.

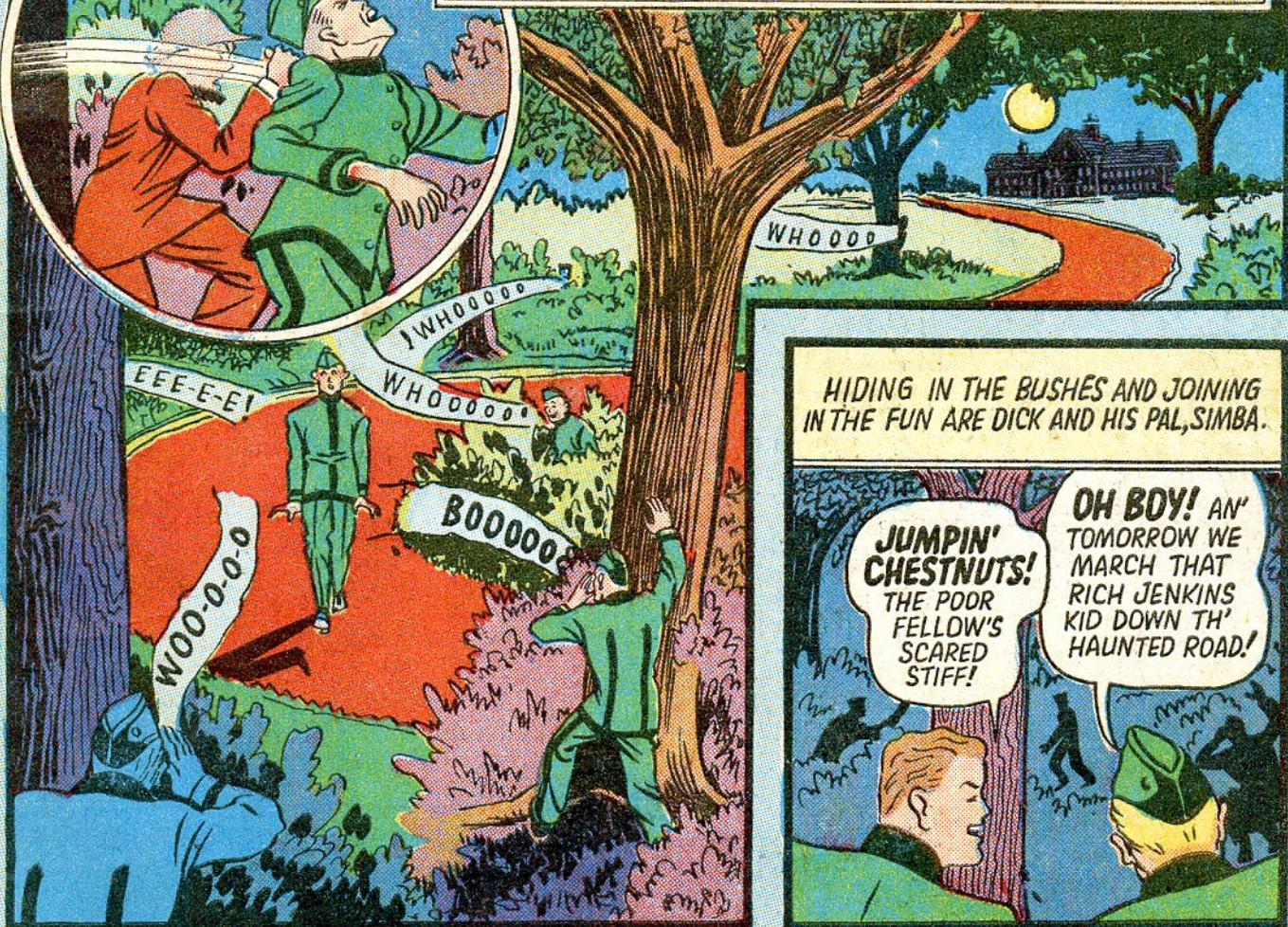
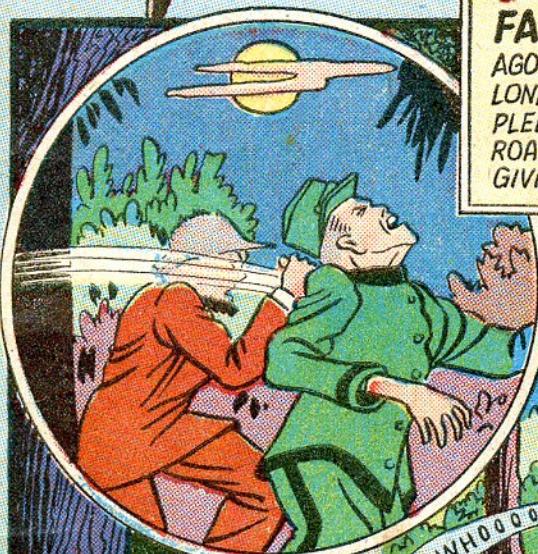
Cordially,
THE EDITORS

DICK COLE

WONDER

BOY!

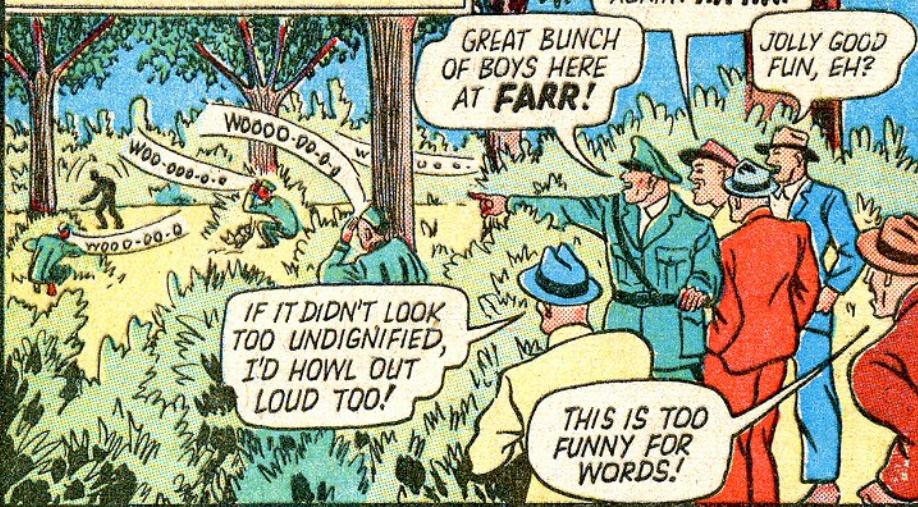
FARR SCHOOL IS STEEPED IN TRADITION. ONE NIGHT, YEARS AGO, A CADET -- HARVEY TUDOR -- WAS MURDERED BY A FARMER ON A LONELY ROAD BACK OF THE SCHOOL. FROM THAT DAY, EVERY NEW PLEBE HAD TO PROVE HIS SALT BY WALKING DOWN "THE HAUNTED ROAD" ON A DREARY NIGHT. TONIGHT WE SEE THE GANG GIVING A NEW BOY THE WORKS FROM THE BUSHES!



HIDING IN THE BUSHES AND JOINING IN THE FUN ARE DICK AND HIS PAL, SIMBA.



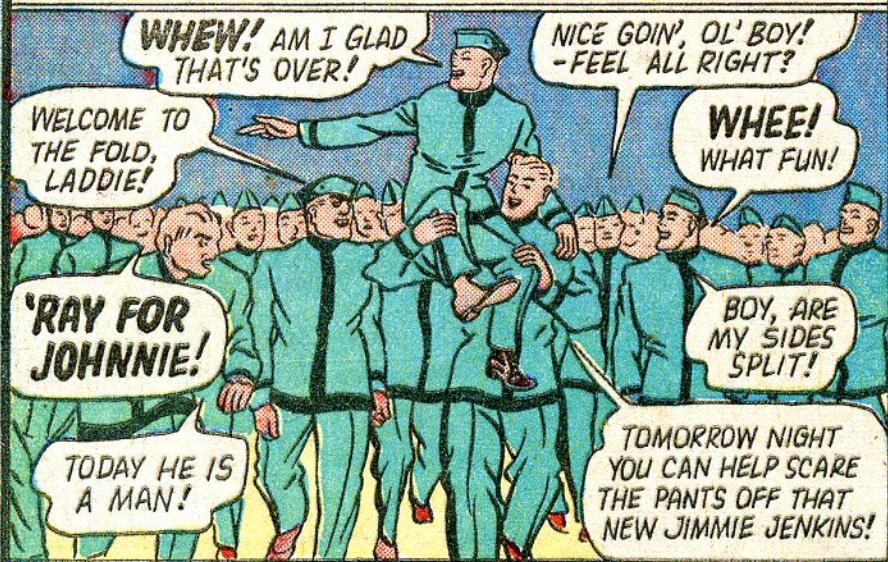
EVEN A NUMBER OF THE CADETS' INSTRUCTORS HAVE TURNED OUT TO WATCH THE RAW RECRUIT GO THROUGH HIS PACES . . .



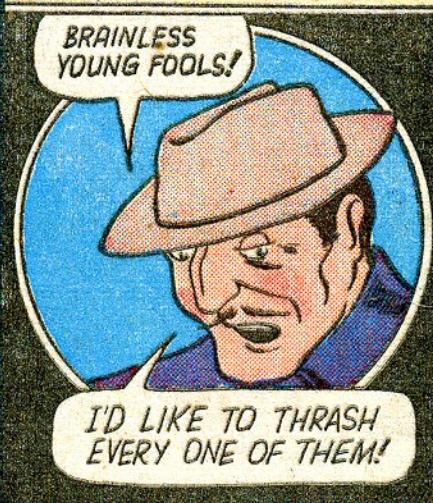
BUT, STANDING ALONE IS A MAN WHO NEVER FINDS ENJOYMENT IN ANYTHING THE FARR CADETS EVER DO! IT IS BITTER, SINISTER-LOOKING PROFESSOR GRUMBY, THE MOST UNPOPULAR INSTRUCTOR AT THE ACADEMY . . .



HAVING SUCCESSFULLY PASSED THE ORDEAL OF "THE HAUNTED ROAD," THE CADETS CONGRATULATE THE PLEBE. . . .



AS THE CADETS TROT OFF TO BED AFTER A GRAND DAY OF WORK AND PLAY, THE EVIL PROFESSOR SNEERS AFTER THEM . . .

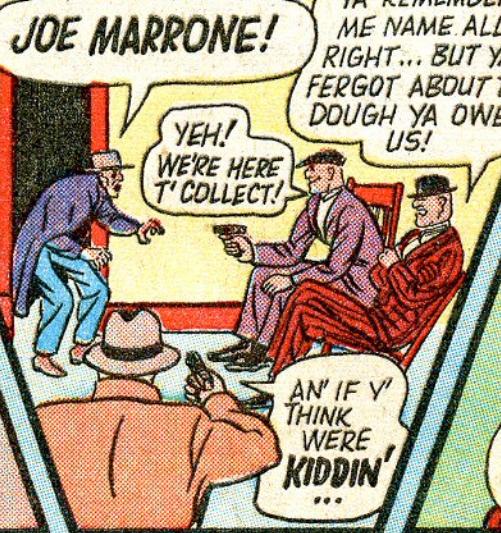


HE WALKS HOME, MUTTERING TO HIMSELF . . .

THE LITTLE DOPES! WITH ALL MY TROUBLES, I HAVE TO SEE THESE YOUNG FOOLS ENJOYING THEMSELVES!



CLIMBING THE STAIRS TO HIS ROOM, HE OPENS THE DOOR TO FIND A "WELCOMING COMMITTEE" WAITING!



-WE'RE PARKIN' RIGHT IN THIS ROOM TILL Y' COME ACROSS WITH TH' THOUSAND BUCKS! AN' Y'BETTER MAKE IT SNAPPY, PROFESSOR!



AS THE GANGSTERS ARE ABOUT TO LEAVE . . .

BUT HOW CAN I GET YOU A THOUSAND IN ONLY A WEEK?

THAT'S YOUR WORRY! I DON'T CARE IF Y' HAVE T' ROB A BANK OR MAKE A SNATCH. JUST GET IT!

AFTER THE GANGSTERS HAVE GONE, A DIABOLICAL SCHEME COMES TO THE TWISTED BRAIN OF PROFESSOR GRUMBY . . .

A SNATCH - KIDNAPPING . . . ONE OF THE FARR CADETS . . . I'LL GET REVENGE AND MONEY TOO, TOMORROW NIGHT WHEN THAT RICH KID JENKINS WALKS "THE HAUNTED ROAD" - THE ROAD ON WHICH HARVEY TUDOR WAS KILLED!

THE NEXT NIGHT, DICK AND SIMBA ESCORT A FRIGHTENED JIMMIE JENKINS DOWN TO "THE HAUNTED ROAD."

IS THERE REALLY A GHOST?

YUP! HARVEY TUDOR'S GHOST!

UH HUH! JUST KEEP A STIFF UPPER LIP, AND EVERYTHING WILL TURN OUT FINE!

THEY ARE GREETED BY A LARGE GROUP OF FARR CADETS . . .

HERE'S THE TIME WHEN THE SON OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE ONE-PIECE STEEL COMPANY HOPES HE COMES OUT IN ONE PIECE!

HI, DICK! LEADING THE VICTIM TO TH' GALLows?

EVERYTHING READY?

DON'T GET HIM TOO WORRIED, FELLOWS!

HOPE YOU BROUGHT YOUR ASPIRIN, JENKINS! THE GHOST IS OUT ALREADY--

LET'S GET STARTED

JENKINS BRAVELY STARTS HIS WALK ALONG "THE HAUNTED ROAD."

I CAN HEAR MY TEETH CHATTERING!

WOOOOOO!

WOOOOOOOOOO!

WHEN HE IS HALF WAY DOWN . . .

AS JENKINS COMES TO THE END OF THE ROAD, THE EERIE FIGURE OF THE DEAD HARVEY TUDOR SUDDENLY SWOOPS DOWN AND LIFTS THE FRIGHTENED BOY OFF HIS FEET! . . .

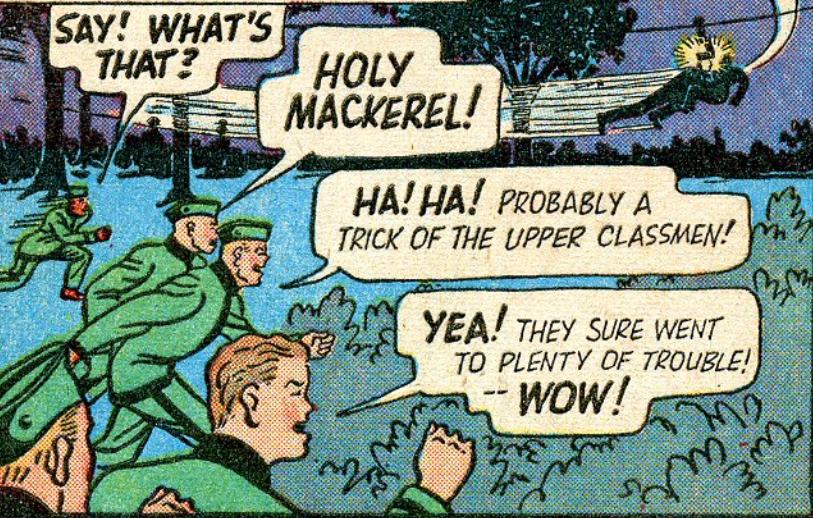
AAA-AAAAAA!

?

?

THE PHANTOM FIGURE SEEMS TO SAIL
THROUGH THE AIR, HOLDING THE
TERROR-STRICKEN BOY!

YAAAAAA



DICK COLE, SIMBA, AND EDDIE DISCUSS
THE EPISODE ON THEIR WAY
BACK TO THE DORMITORY . . .

WHOEVER PULLED THAT ONE, KEPT
IT FROM ME — THE FELLOWS COULDN'T
EVEN FIND JENKINS TO CONGRATULATE HIM!

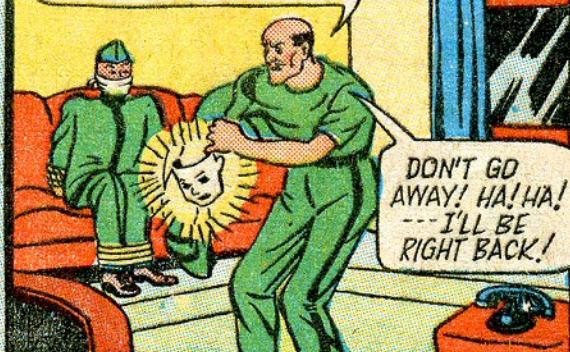


... AND SOON AFTER, TAPS SOUNDS --- BUT THE DREARY
NIGHT HAS JUST BEGUN FOR THE "GHOST" OF HARVEY TUDOR--
IN REALITY, THE DIABOLICAL PROFESSOR GRUMBY! HE SWIFTLY
CARRIES THE TERRIFIED, GAGGED JENKINS TO HIS HOUSE.

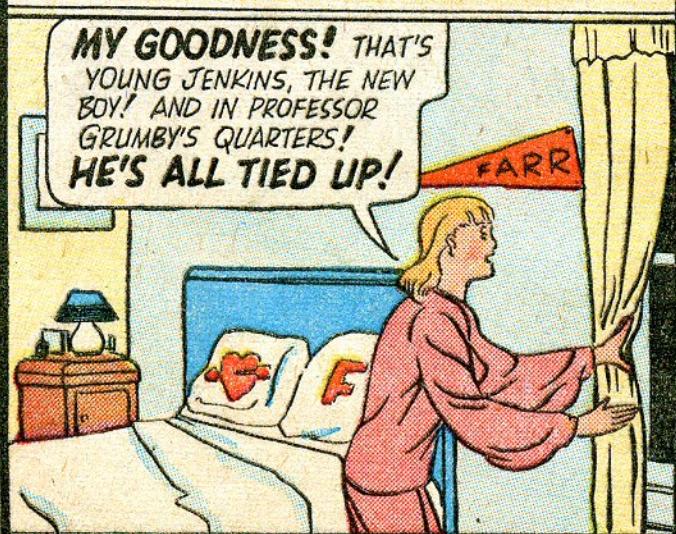


IN GRUMBY'S APARTMENT . . .

I'LL GET RID OF THIS SILLY LUMINOUS
MASK AND OLD UNIFORM -- THEN I'LL TAKE
YOU TO A PLACE WHERE YOU'LL
NEVER BE FOUND!

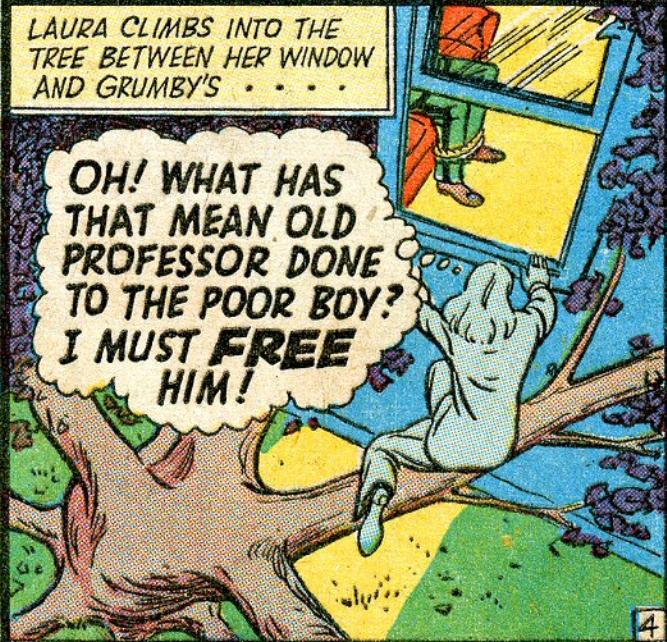


BUT---WHAT'S THIS? LAURA, THE COACH'S DAUGHTER,
AND THE PROFESSOR'S NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR, IS JUST
ABOUT TO PULL HER SHADE DOWN WHEN SHE SEES—



LAURA CLIMBS INTO THE
TREE BETWEEN HER WINDOW
AND GRUMBY'S . . .

OH! WHAT HAS
THAT MEAN OLD
PROFESSOR DONE
TO THE POOR BOY?
I MUST FREE
HIM!



... BUT JUST AS SHE CLIMBS
THROUGH GRUMBY'S WINDOW INTO
HIS APARTMENT, THE MAD
PROFESSOR RETURNS!



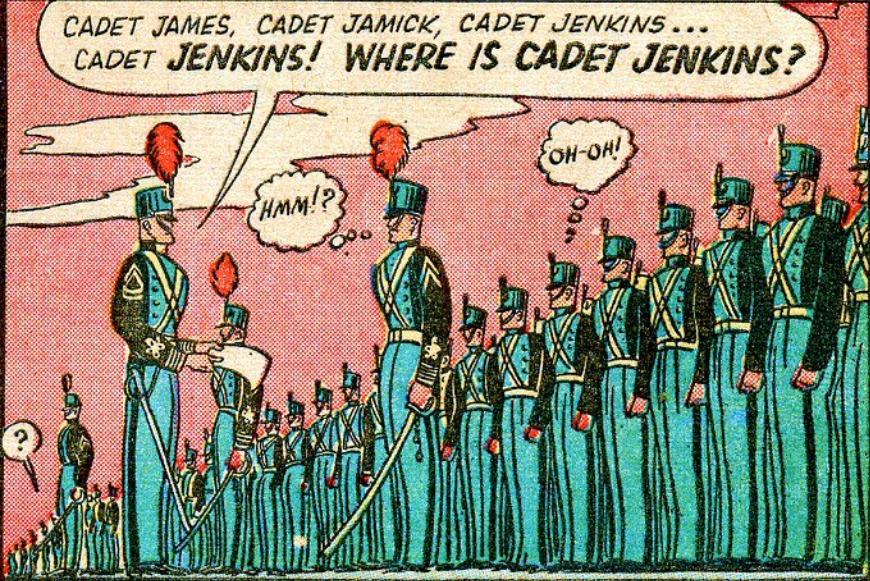
BUT THERE IS NO ANSWER.
---DICK STEPS FORWARD
AND RELATES THE EVENTS
OF THE NIGHT BEFORE.



MAJOR FARR WRITES
A NOTE AND HANDS
IT TO DICK COLE.



THE NEXT MORNING, AT THE REGULAR MILITARY INSPECTION...

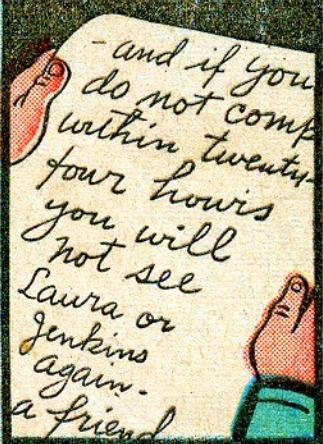


IN THE OFFICE--MAJOR FARR, HEAD OF THE ACADEMY:

REGARDLESS OF THE BLOW TO THE
REPUTATION OF THE ACADEMY, WE
MUST NOTIFY JENKINS' FATHER
IMMEDIATELY. THE COACH
WILL HELP IN THE SEARCH
FOR HIS DAUGHTER
LAURA.



THE MAD PROFESSOR,
WITHOUT USING HIS
OWN NAME, HAS
ALREADY SENT A
DEMAND FOR MONEY...



MAJOR FARR WRITES
A NOTE AND HANDS
IT TO DICK COLE.

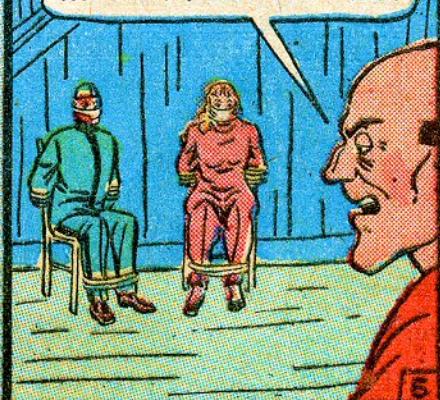
SIMBA HAS WAITED FOR DICK...

SIMBA, AS SOON AS I SEND
THIS TELEGRAM TO MR. JENKINS,
THE REPUTATION OF FARR
ACADEMY IS RUINED!



MEANWHILE... THE WICKED
GRUMBY HAS PLACED LAURA
AND JENKINS IN THE DAMP
CELLAR OF HIS HOUSE.

THEY'LL NEVER FIND YOU!
HEH! HEH! AND FARR
ACADEMY WILL BE RUINED!

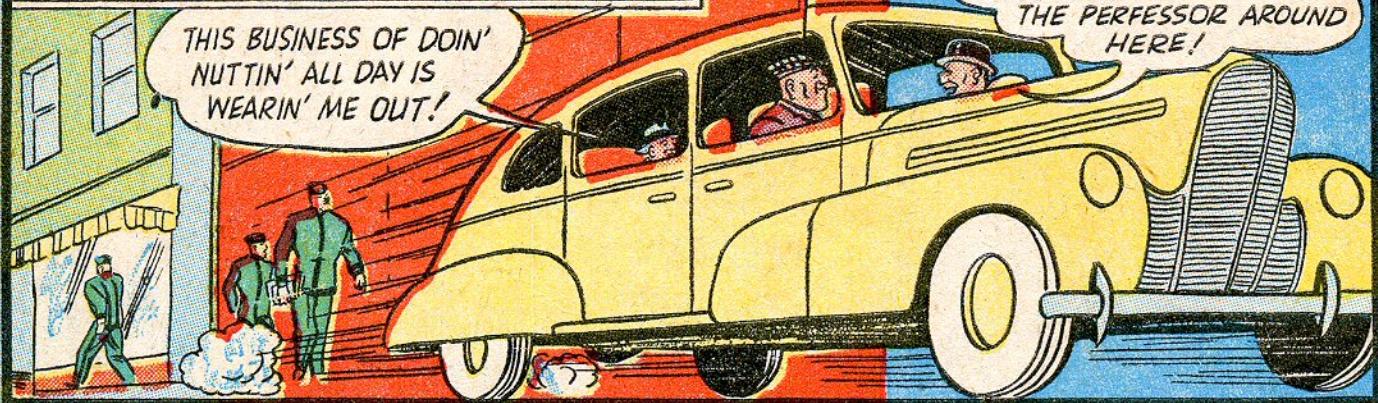


AS DICK AND SIMBA, WITH HEAVY HEARTS, WALK TOWARD THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE WITH THE FATAL TELEGRAM - A TELEGRAM WITH A MESSAGE THAT WILL BREAK A FATHER'S HEART AND A FAMOUS SCHOOL'S REPUTATION, LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THE DOINGS OF THE GANGSTER, JOE MARRONE, AND HIS TOUGH HENCHMEN.

LISTEN, BOSS, IF DAT PERFESSOR GUY DOESN'T PAY UP THE "GRAND" BY TONIGHT!

I'M RUNNIN' DIS SHOW.. AN' IF YOUSE GUYS WERE SMART YOU'D SEE THERE'S BIGGER PICKIN'S THAN THE PERFESSOR AROUND HERE!

THIS BUSINESS OF DOIN' NUTTIN' ALL DAY IS WEARIN' ME OUT!



WHADDEYA MEAN, BOSS?

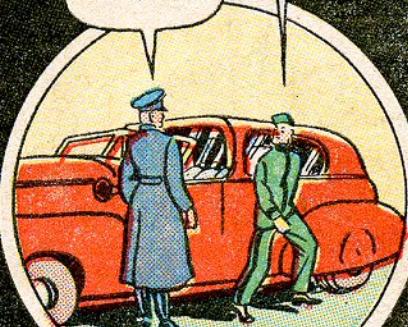
YEAH ... WHAT?



WHAT THEY SEE

YOU MAY GO NOW, JAMES.

YES, SIR!



---JIMMY SMYTHE, ANOTHER OF FARR'S WEALTHY CADETS!

A SNATCH JOB IF I EVER SEEN ONE!

WE'LL GET AT LEAST TEN GRAND OUTA HIS OL' MAN!

OLD MAN, NUTTIN'! LISTEN T' ME, MUGS!

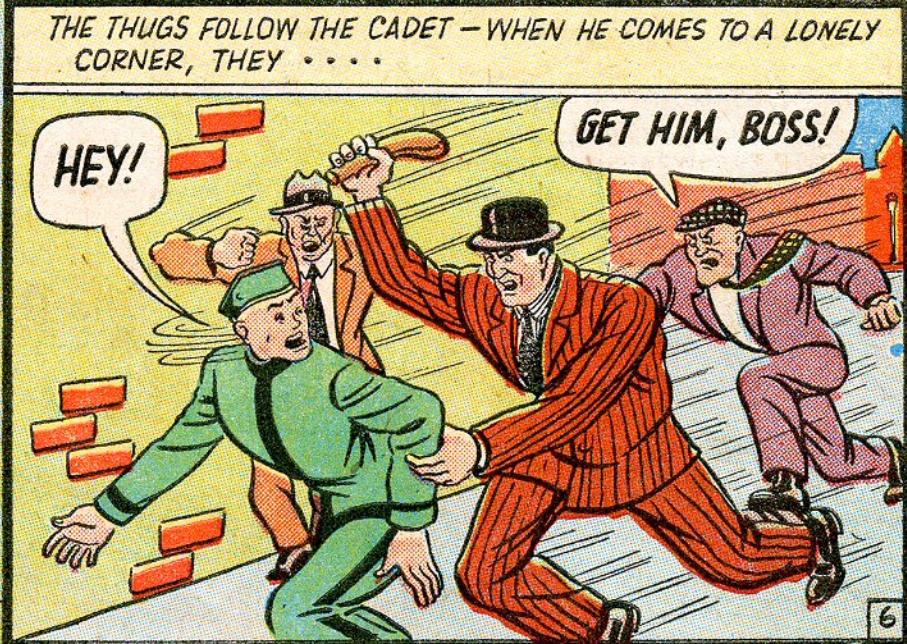
WE JUST SNATCH DIS KID, SEE? DEN, INSTEAD OF TELLIN' HIS FATHER, WE TELL DA SCHOOL DAT IF DEY DON'T WANT US T' RUIN THEIR CLASSY REPUTATION, DEY GOTTA COME ACROSS HEAVY, SEE! -- OTHERWISE WE TELEGRAPH DA KID'S OLD MAN. GET IT?

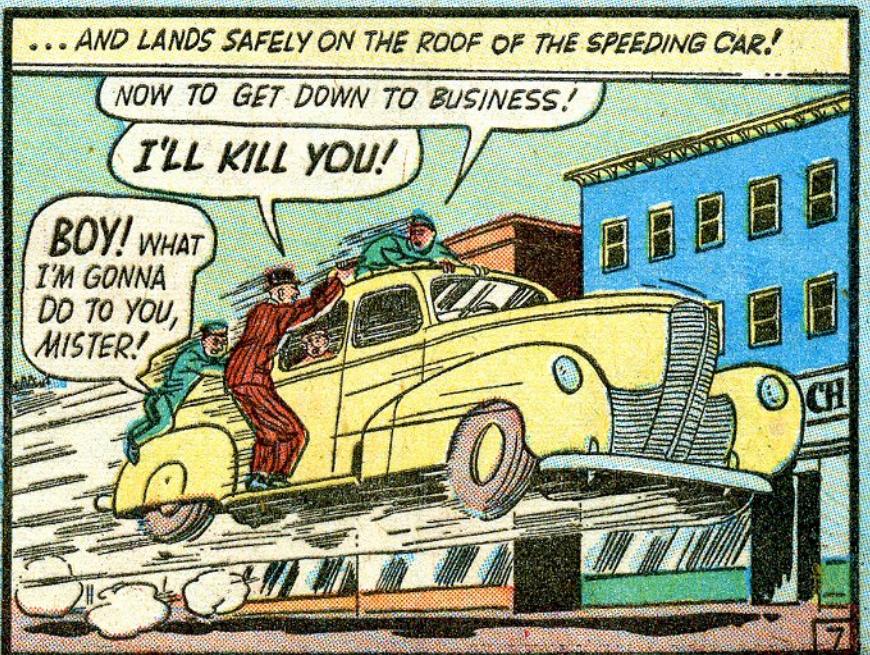
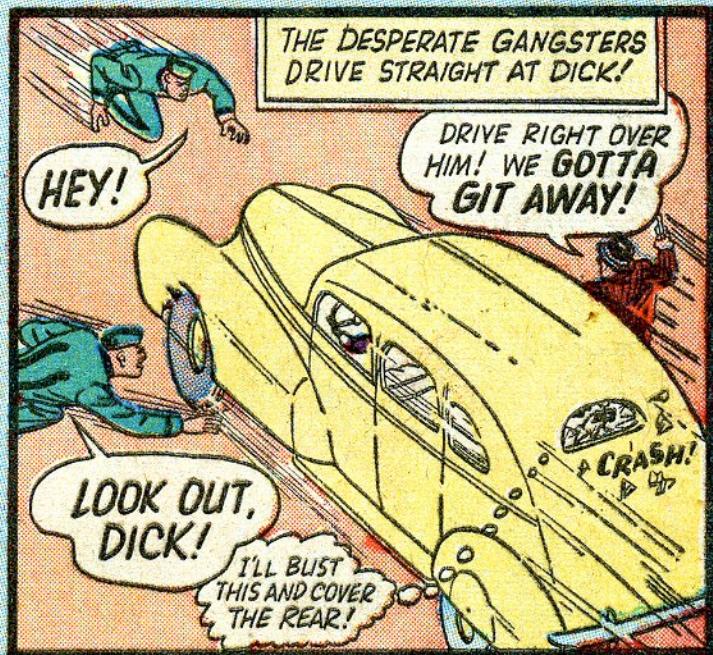


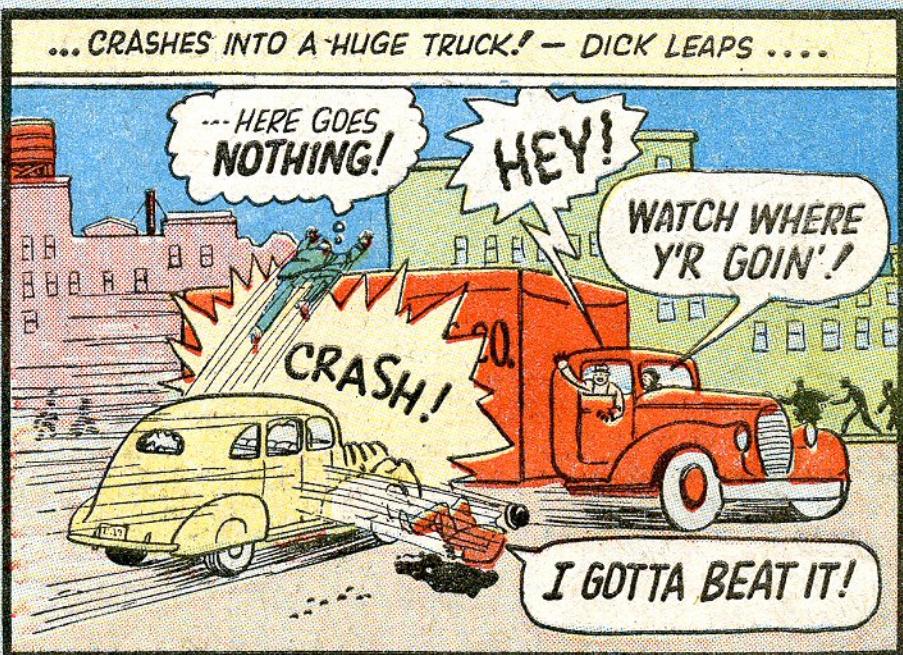
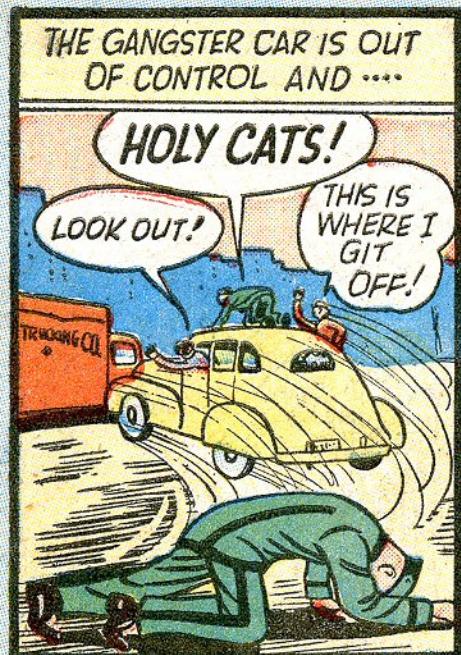
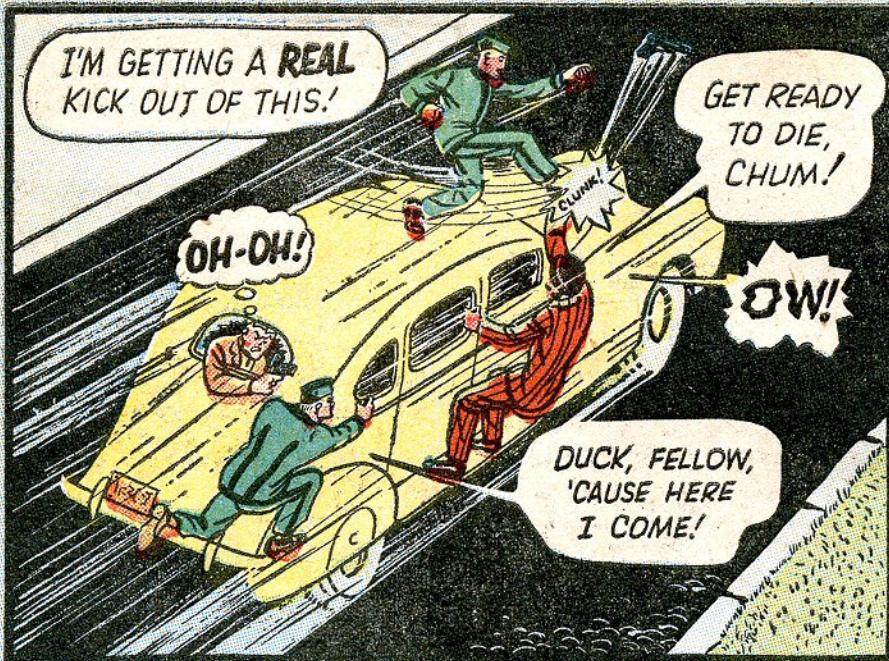
THE THUGS FOLLOW THE CADET - WHEN HE COMES TO A LONELY CORNER, THEY

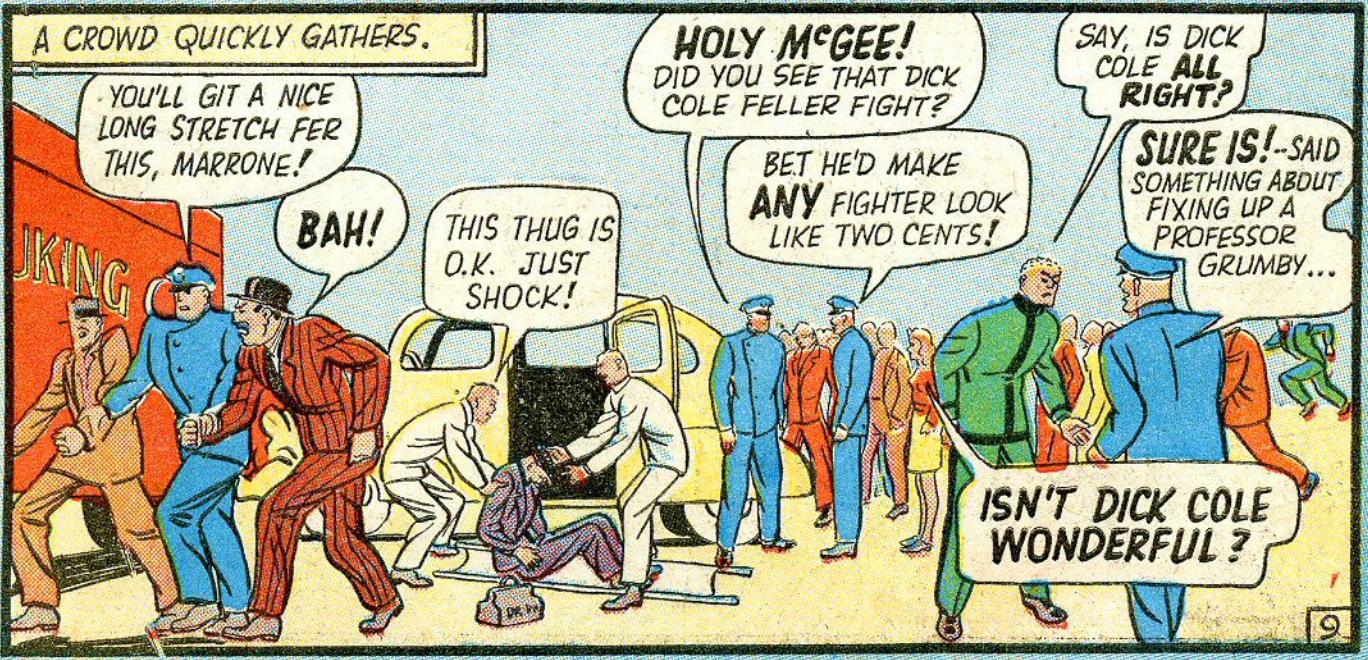
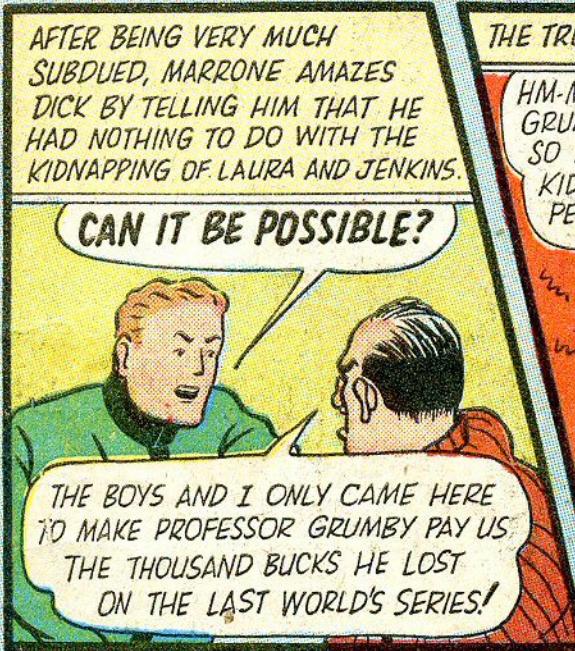
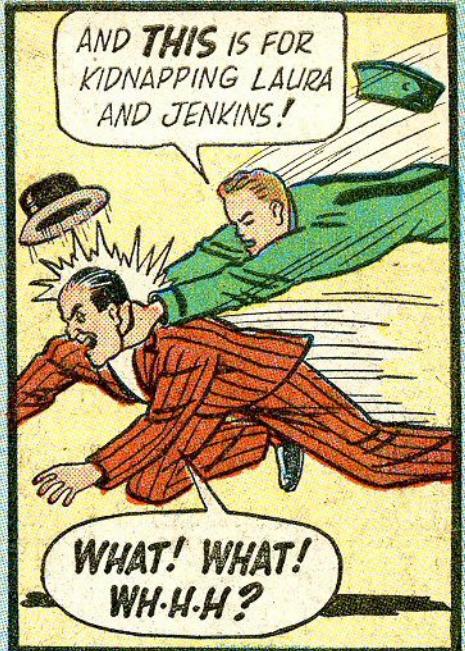
HEY!

GET HIM, BOSS!









BACK IN THE LOATHSOME, MAD PROFESSOR GRUMBY'S CELLAR, LAURA AND YOUNG JENKINS ARE KEPT SECURELY BOUND. THE LEERING, SINISTER PROFESSOR GNASHES HIS TEETH AND TORTURES THE PAIR WITH HIS BITTER WORDS.

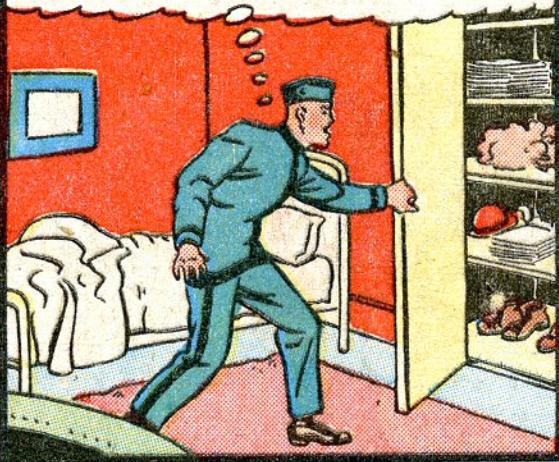


I SHALL GIVE ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS TO MY DEAR FRIEND, JOE MARRONE --- JUST TO KEEP HIS FRIENDSHIP, OF COURSE --- AND I WILL KNOW THAT THE FOOLS WHO CALL THEMSELVES **FARR CADETS** NO LONGER SET MY ANGER AFIRE WITH THEIR FUN AND LAUGHTER. I SHALL RUIN **MAJOR FARR** AND THE REPUTATION OF THE ACADEMY---THAT'LL BE MY FUN! HEH! HEH!



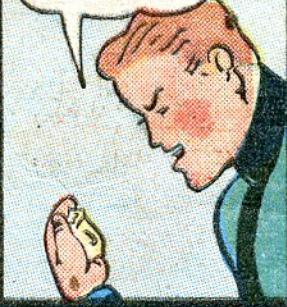
BUT, UNKNOWN TO THE SMIRKING PROFESSOR, DICK COLE HAS ENTERED THE HOUSE AND FRANTICALLY SEARCHES EVERY ROOM ---

LAURA ... JENKINS... WHERE **CAN** THEY BE? I'VE SEARCHED JUST ABOUT EVERYWHERE.



HE IS ABOUT TO LEAVE WHEN SUDDENLY HIS SHARP EYES SEE ---

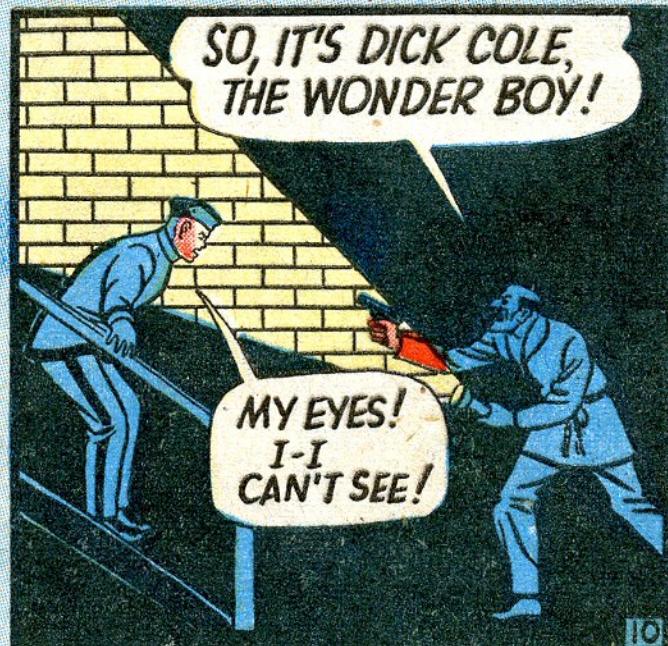
A **FARR** SHIELD WITH JENKINS' INITIALS... THEY **MUST** BE IN THIS HOUSE. AND THE ONLY PLACE I HAVEN'T SEARCHED IS THE CELLAR!



DICK PROCEEDS CAUTIOUSLY DOWN THE RICKETY STAIRS THAT LEAD TO THE CELLAR, WHEN A ROTTED STEP LETS OUT A SHARP **SQUEAK!**



SO, IT'S DICK COLE, THE WONDER BOY!



DICK'S HAND REACHES FOR ONE OF THE LOOSE WALL BRICKS...

RELEASE LAURA AND JENKINS, YOU FIEND!

NOT UNTIL I ---
WHAT'S IN YOUR
HAND?

... AND HURLS IT AT THE LOATHSOME PROFESSOR!

THIS!

SOCK!

I NEVER DID
LIKE YOU,
GRUMBY!

AWK!

DICK
DIVES,
BUT...

GRUMBY RETALIATES!

OOF!



I HATE YOU!
I HATE
EVERYONE!

GRUMBY, EXERTING THE STRENGTH OF A MANIAC, GETS AWAY FROM DICK FOR AN INSTANT AND RUNS OUT AN ALLEY LEADING TO THE STREET -- JUST AS SIMBA ARRIVES!

WOW! GET HIM, DICK!

THE KIDS ARE IN THE
CELLAR, SIMBA!

YOU'LL NEVER TAKE
ME ALIVE, COLE!

SIMBA RUSHES DOWN TO RESCUE LAURA AND JENKINS! QUICKLY HE REMOVES THE GAGS AND ROPES!

ARE YOU KIDS ALL RIGHT?

THAT MEAN
OLD PROFESSOR
IS A MANIAC!

GEE! - THERE'S NO REAL GHOST
AFTER ALL! HE GRABBED ME BY
SLIDING DOWN A WIRE HE
HOOKED FROM THE TREE TO THE
GULLY AT THE SIDE OF THE HAUNTED ROAD!

BACK TO THE CHASE. THE CRAZED PROFESSOR DIVES AT AN APPROACHING TROLLEY.

STOP!

HEY!

I SAID YOU'D
NEVER TAKE ME
ALIVE! HA! HA!

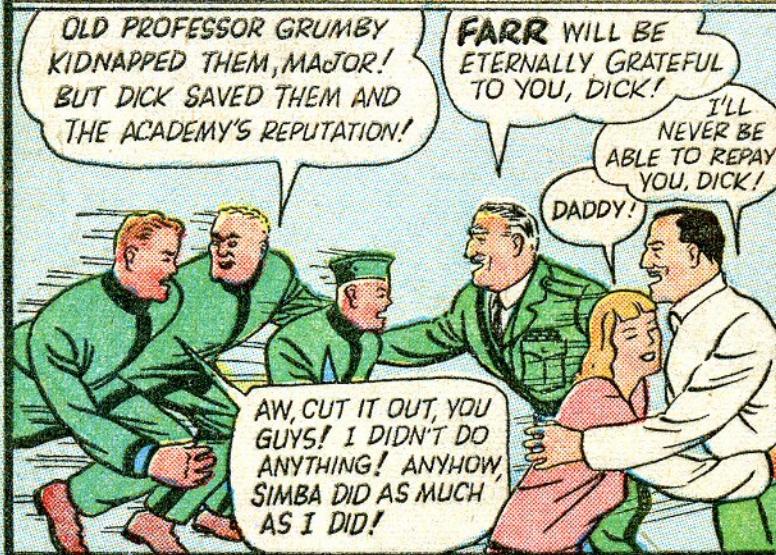
THE CRAZED PROFESSOR JUMPS STRAIGHT INTO THE ONRUSHING TROLLEY CAR!



MEANWHILE, MAJOR FARR IS IN HIS OFFICE, A SORROWFUL LOOK UPON HIS KINDLY FACE!



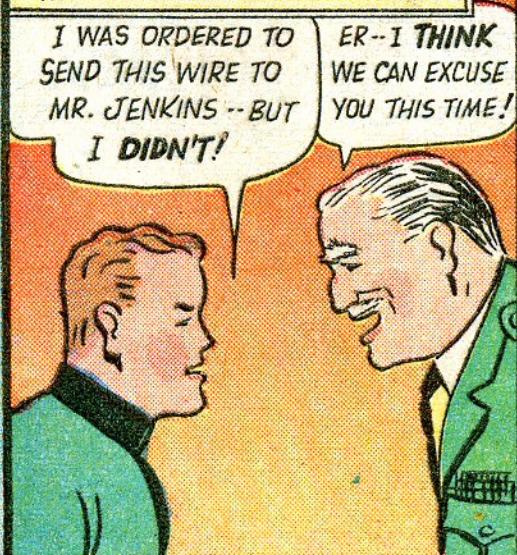
SUDDENLY, DICK COLE RUSHES INTO THE MAJOR'S OFFICE, CLOSELY FOLLOWED BY LAURA, JENKINS, AND SIMBA.



AFTER EXPLANATIONS HAVE BEEN MADE, MAJOR FARR EXTENDS HIS HAND TO DICK.



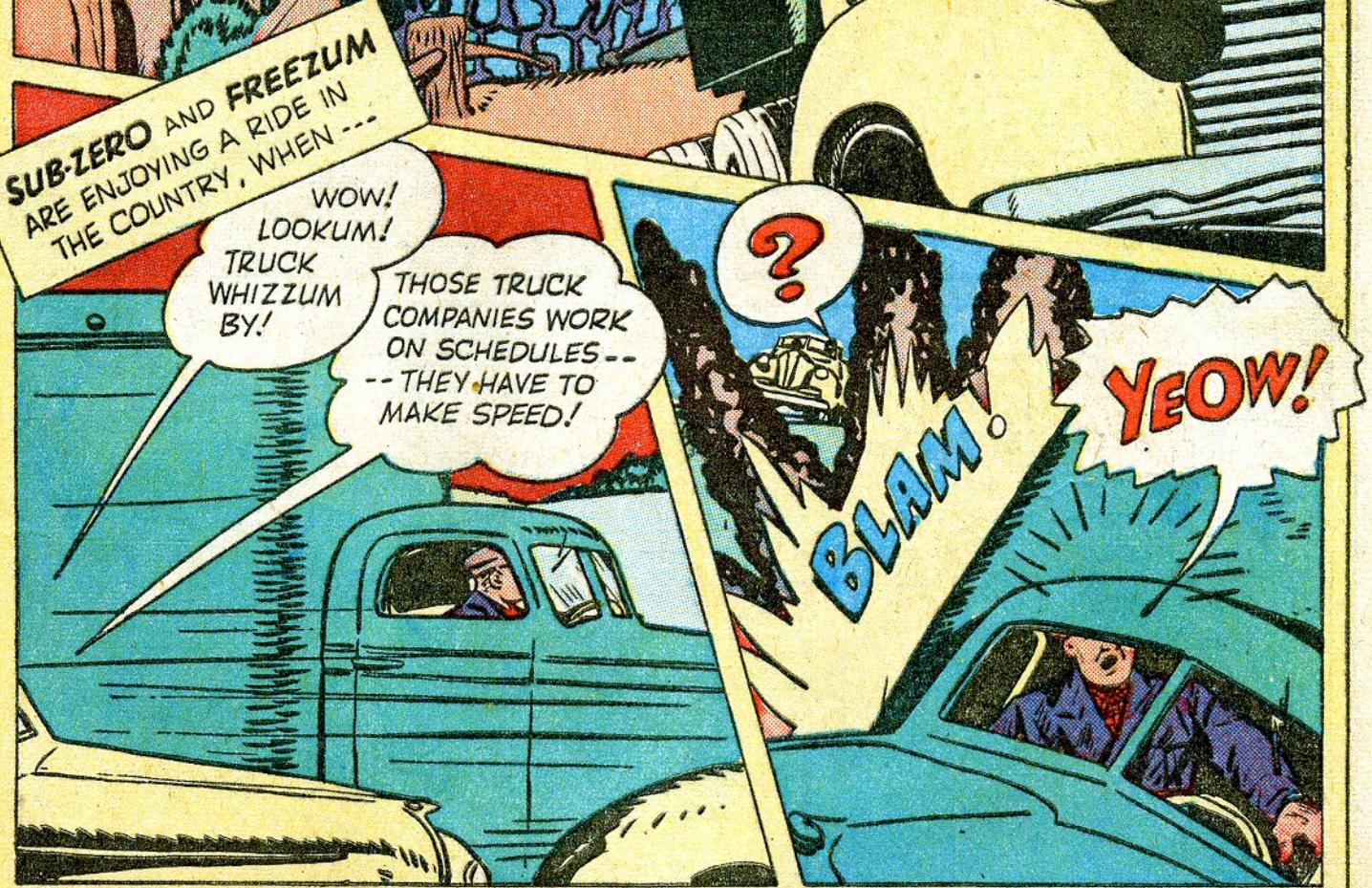
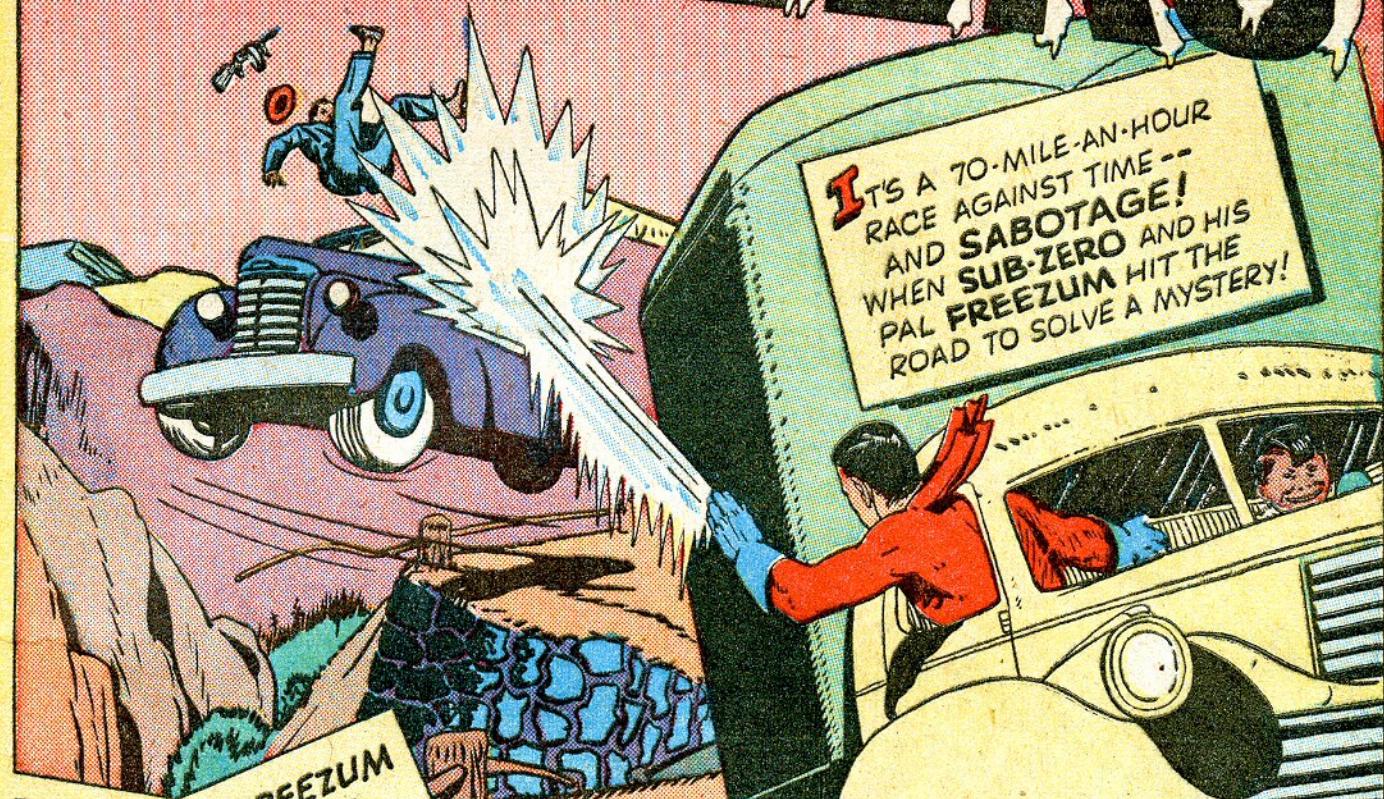
BUT DICK'S CONFESSION BRINGS A ROUND OF LAUGHTER.

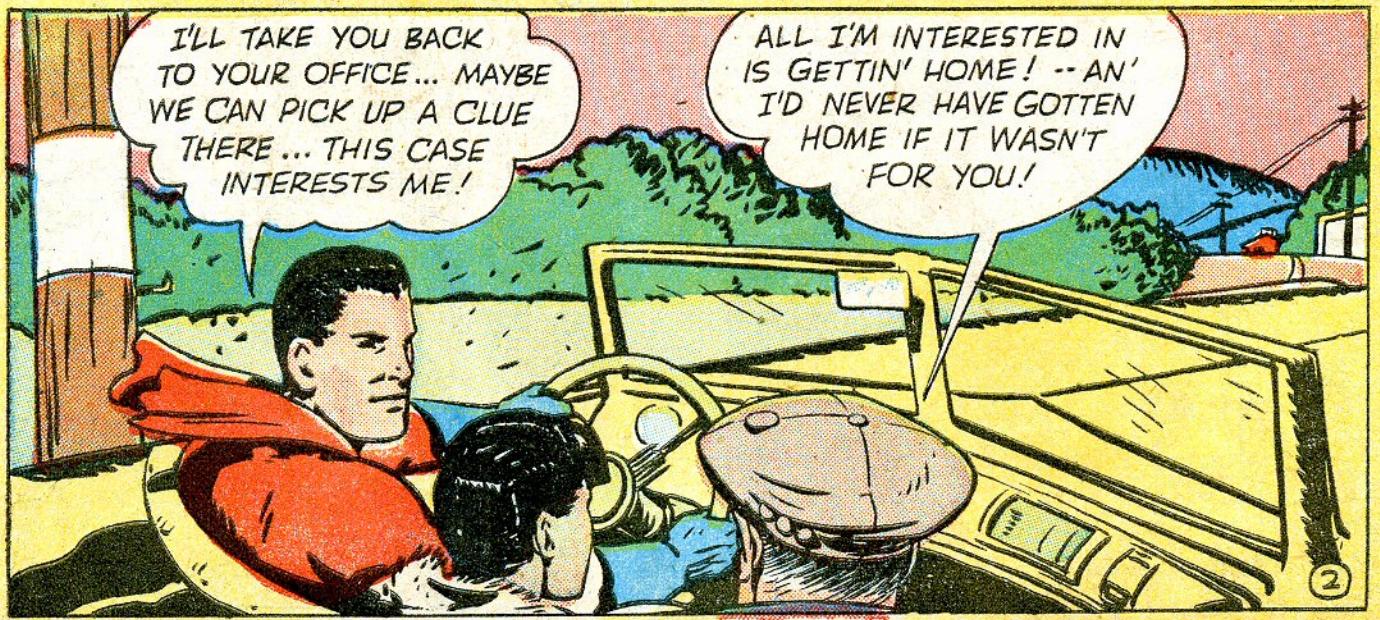
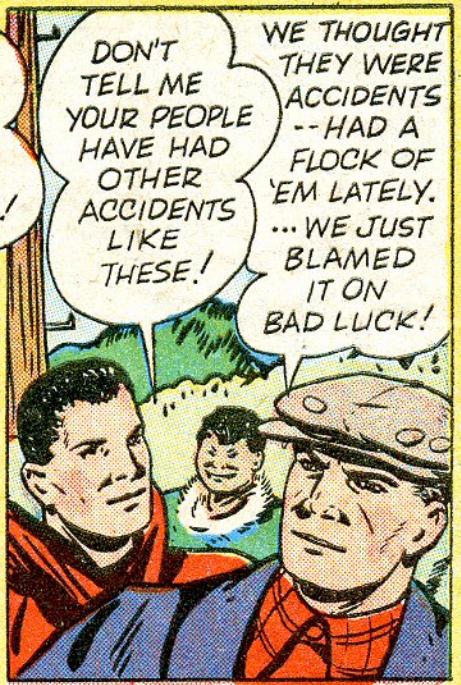
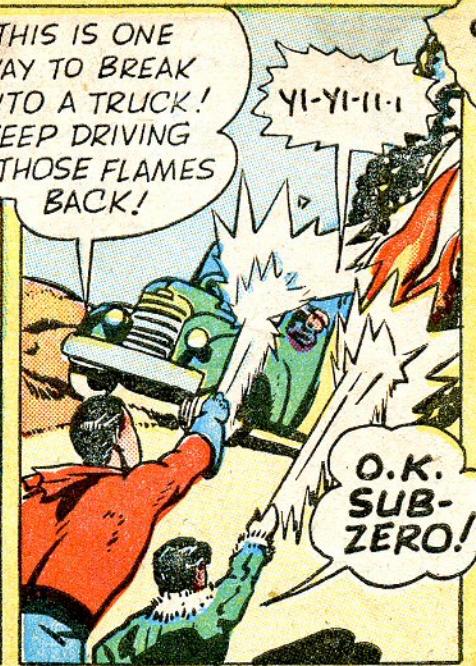
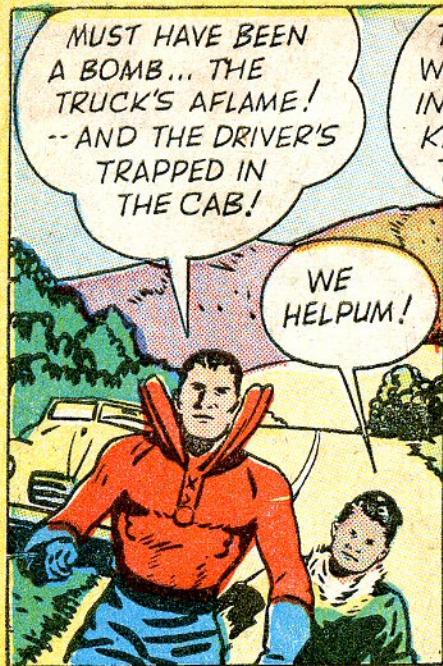


YESSIR! AND DICK COLE WILL BE BACK NEXT MONTH WITH ANOTHER SWELL STORY...
Plus **A BIG SURPRISE!**

SUB-ZERO

IT'S A 70-MILE-AN-HOUR RACE AGAINST TIME -- AND SABOTAGE! WHEN SUB-ZERO AND HIS PAL FREEZUM HIT THE ROAD TO SOLVE A MYSTERY!





AT THE MAIN
GARAGE OF THE
P. & A. TRUCKING CO....

THIS IS
MR. REEVES, PRESIDENT
OF THE COMPANY, AND
MR. THOMPSON, THE
OFFICE MANAGER.

GLAD TO
MEET YOU,
MR. REEVES!

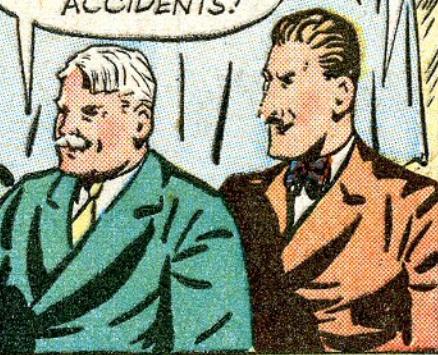
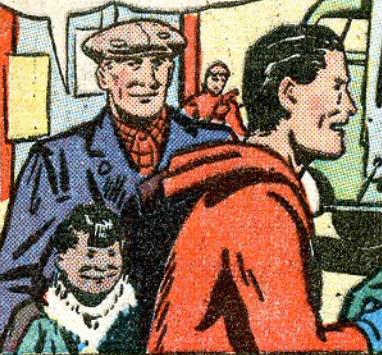
I'VE HEARD A
LOT ABOUT YOU,
SUB-ZERO -- MAYBE
YOU CAN SOLVE THE
MYSTERY OF THESE
ACCIDENTS!

IT'S QUITE
SIMPLE --
FOREIGN
AGENTS
SABOTAGING
DEFENSE
LOADS!

LET ME SEE
A LIST OF YOUR
TRIP SCHEDULES
-- THEY MAY
SHED SOME
LIGHT!

YOU
CAN NEVER
TELL,
THOMPSON!
-- SUPPOSE
YOU ACCOMPANY
ME TO MY
OFFICE,
SUB-ZERO.

THEY
MAY --
BUT I
DOUBT
IT!



THIS LIST SHOWS
THAT MOST OF THE TRUCKS
DAMAGED IN PHONEY
ACCIDENTS CARRIED
NOTHING BUT COMMERCIAL
CARGOES. WHO'S YOUR
CHIEF COMPETITOR?

THE CORNWELL
HAULAGE
CO.

I RECENTLY UNDERBID
THEM FOR A GOVERNMENT
CONTRACT -- BUT, IF THIS
SABOTAGE KEEPS UP, THEY'RE
LIABLE TO LAND THE
CONTRACT.

NOT IF I CAN HELP
IT. ASSIGN ME TO ONE
OF YOUR TRUCKS AS A
DRIVER -- MAYBE THAT'LL
HELP CRACK
THE CASE.

BETTER
WATCH OUT
YOU DON'T
GET CRACKED!
YOU'RE TAKING
ON A
DANGEROUS
ASSIGNMENT!

WE
LIVE-UM
ON
DANGER,
MR.
THOMPSON!



WATCH THAT
CARGO -- IT'S FULL
OF FRESH MEAT --
I'LL TAKE THE
WHEEL!

TOO
BADUM NO STOVE
-- GET HUNGRY --
COOK NICE ROAST
-- YUM, YUM!

THE TRIP STARTS... AHEAD
LIE NIGHT... THE ROAD...
AND MYSTERY!

HERE
WE
GO!



Later...

HMM ... MIGHTY
HOTUM FOR REFRIGERATOR
TRUCKUM ... ME BETTER
TELLUM SUB-ZERO! --

THAT SURE IS
QUEER! ... GLAD
YOU WARNED ME!

NO WONDER
IT GOT WARM
IN HERE! ...
A PIECE OF
REFRIGERATOR
PIPE HAS BEEN
SAWED AWAY!

MAYBE WE'LL
FIND JUST HOW --
AH! -- A BROKEN
HACK-SAW
BLADE!

WE'LL KEEP IT
FOR FURTHER
REFERENCE! ...
NOW TO KEEP OUR
CARGO FROM
SPOILING!

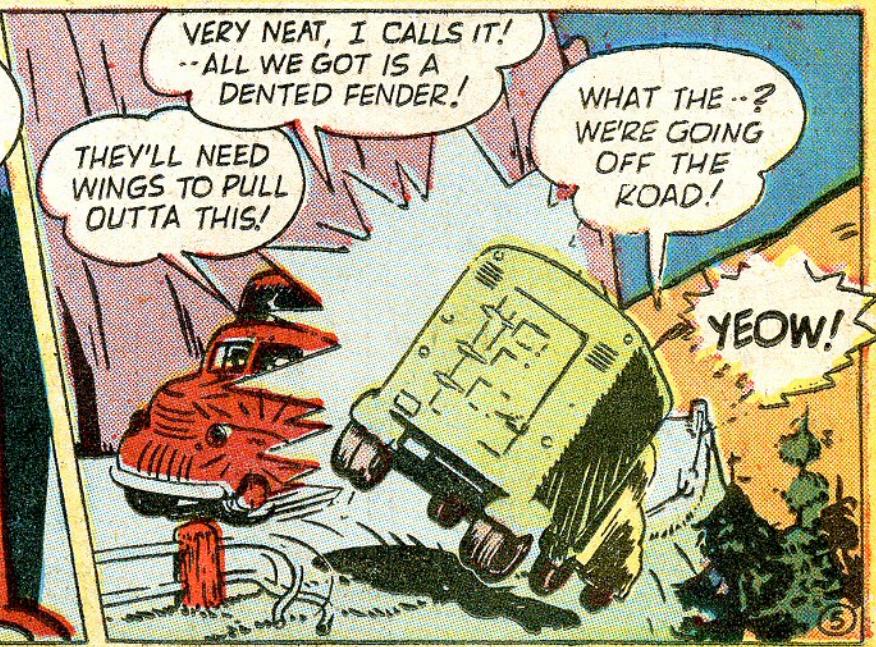
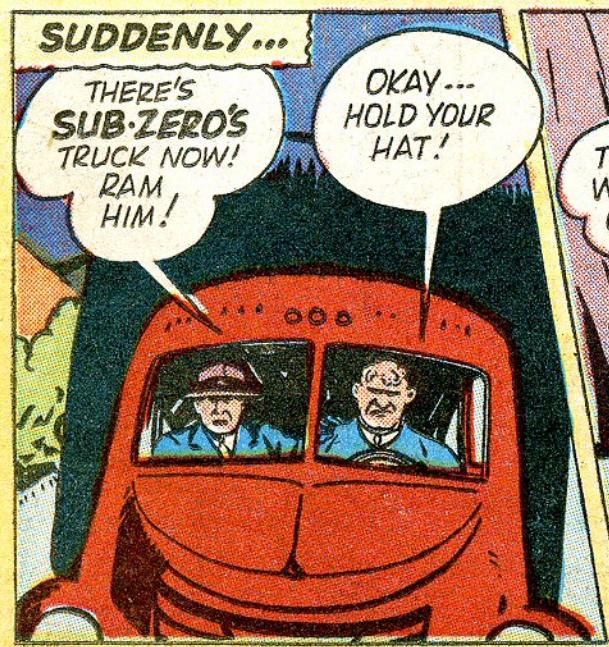
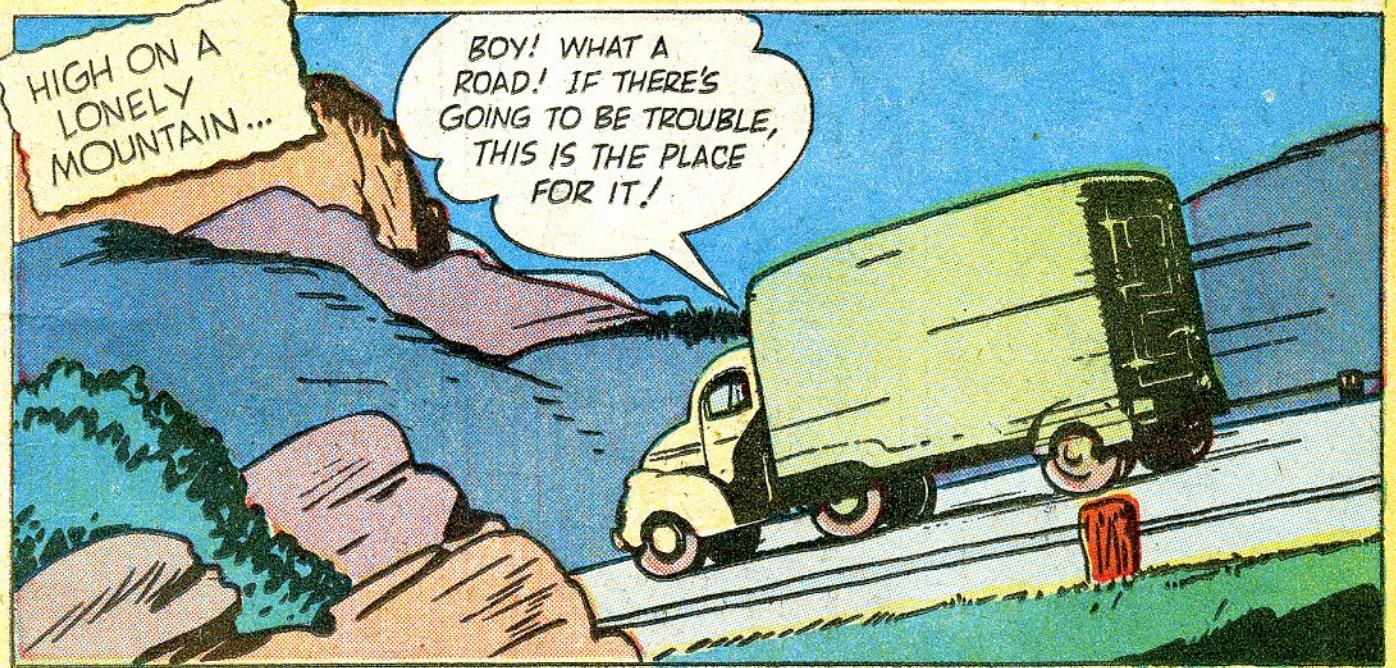
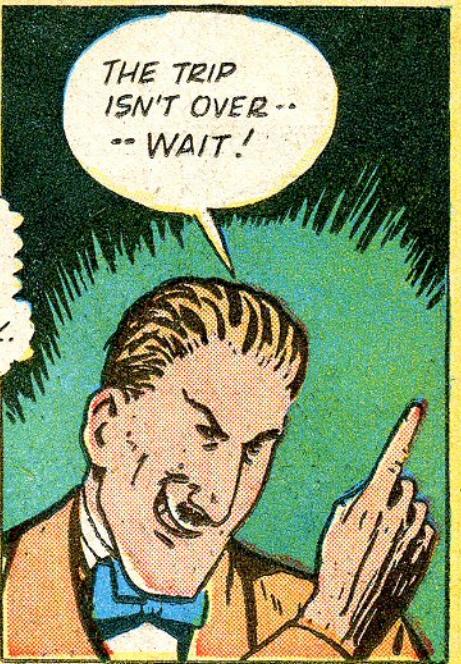
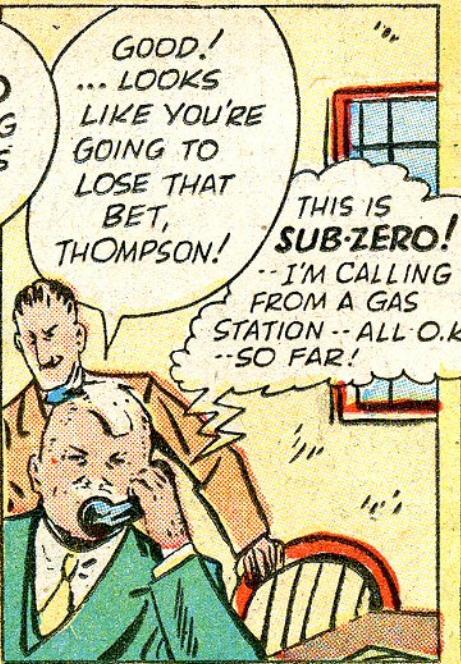
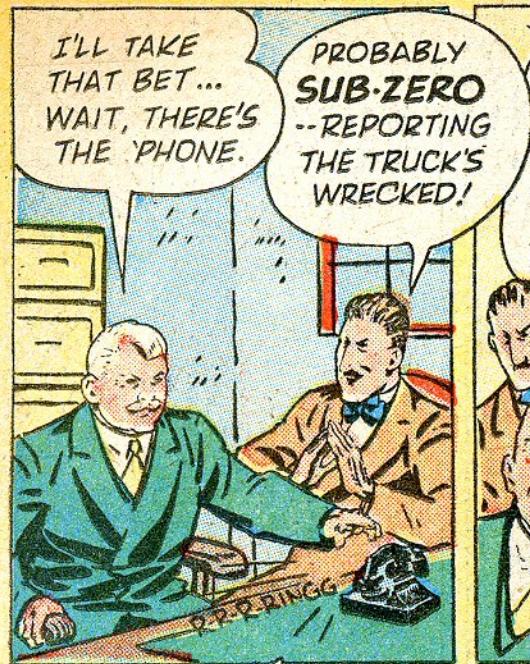
THAT'S
PUTTING THE
BACON ON ICE!
YOUR JOB'LL BE
TO KEEP IT THAT
WAY TILL WE
GET TO OUR
DESTINATION!

RIGHTUM!

Meanwhile...

I FEEL CONFIDENT
SUB-ZERO WILL GET
TO HIS DESTINATION
SAFELY ...

I DON'T! ...
IN FACT, I'M
WILLING TO BET
HE WON'T!



AS THE REFRIGERATOR TRUCK LEAVES THE ROAD, **SUB-ZERO** TOSSES A SERIES OF BLASTS!

DOWN GO THE TREES--AND WE STAY UP!

WHAT'S GOING ON OUT THERE? THISUM LIKE A SCENIC RAILWAY!

NOW TO CLEAR AWAY THE TREES GRADUALLY, SO WE CAN DESCEND SLOWLY TO THE VALLEY!

A BIT ROUGH, BUT IT WORKS!

SAFE! NOW TO DELIVER THE LOAD AND RETURN TO THE GARAGE!

LATER...

BACK ALREADY? MR. REEVES WILL BE PLEASED TO HEAR IT!

THE REAR'S DAMAGED A BIT-- A LITTLE ACCIDENT EN ROUTE!

CAUTIOUSLY, **SUB-ZERO** ENTERS THE GARAGE OFFICE!

NOW WHATUM?

JUST PLAYING A LITTLE HUNCH. I WANT TO SEARCH SOME OF THOSE DESKS!

OFFICE

REMEMBER THAT BROKEN BLADE I FOUND ON THE TRUCK? THEY WERE MADE TO FIT THIS HACK-SAW!

BUT WHOSE IS IT?

WHAT ARE YOU TWO SNOOPERS DOING AT MY DESK?

THANKS FOR TELLING US WHOSE DESK IT IS!... NOW WE KNOW, THOMPSON, WHO'S BEEN DOUBLE-CROSSING REEVES!

SUDDENLY... THOMPSON WHIPS OUT A BOMB-- AND THROWS IT!

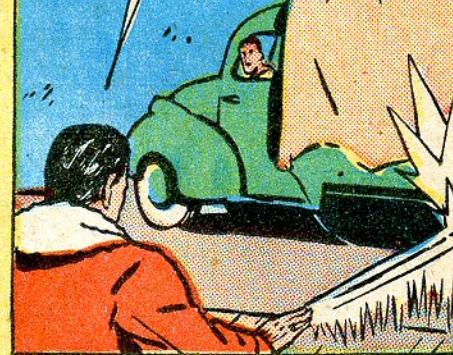
YOU'LL NEVER GET ME!

YOU BLASTUM BOMB JUST IN TIME! --WOW!

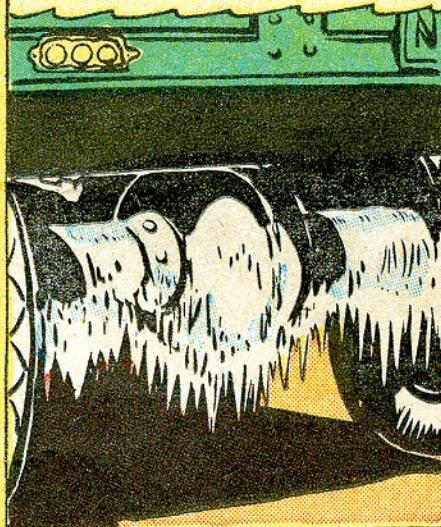
THOMPSON DARTS INTO THE GARAGE...

THE ZIGZAGGING AMONG THESE TRUCKS MAKES IT HARD FOR THEM TO FREEZE ME--BUT I CAN'T KEEP DODGING FOREVER!

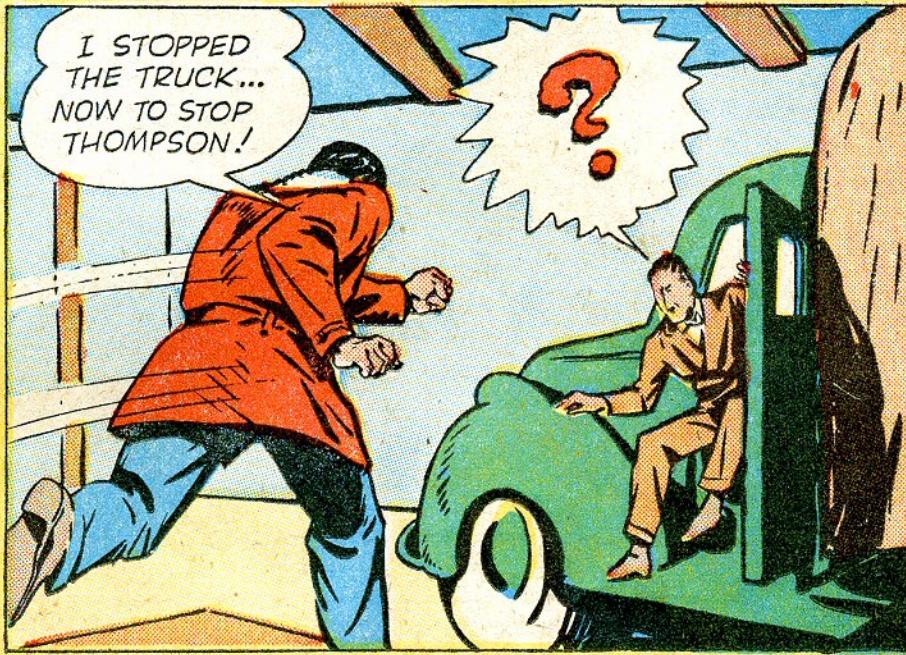
HE'S BREEZING AWAY IN THAT TRUCK--I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM--WITHOUT DAMAGING THE TRUCK!



MAN-MADE ICE FORMS ON THE AXLE OF THE FLEEING TRUCK... IT SLOWS DOWN!



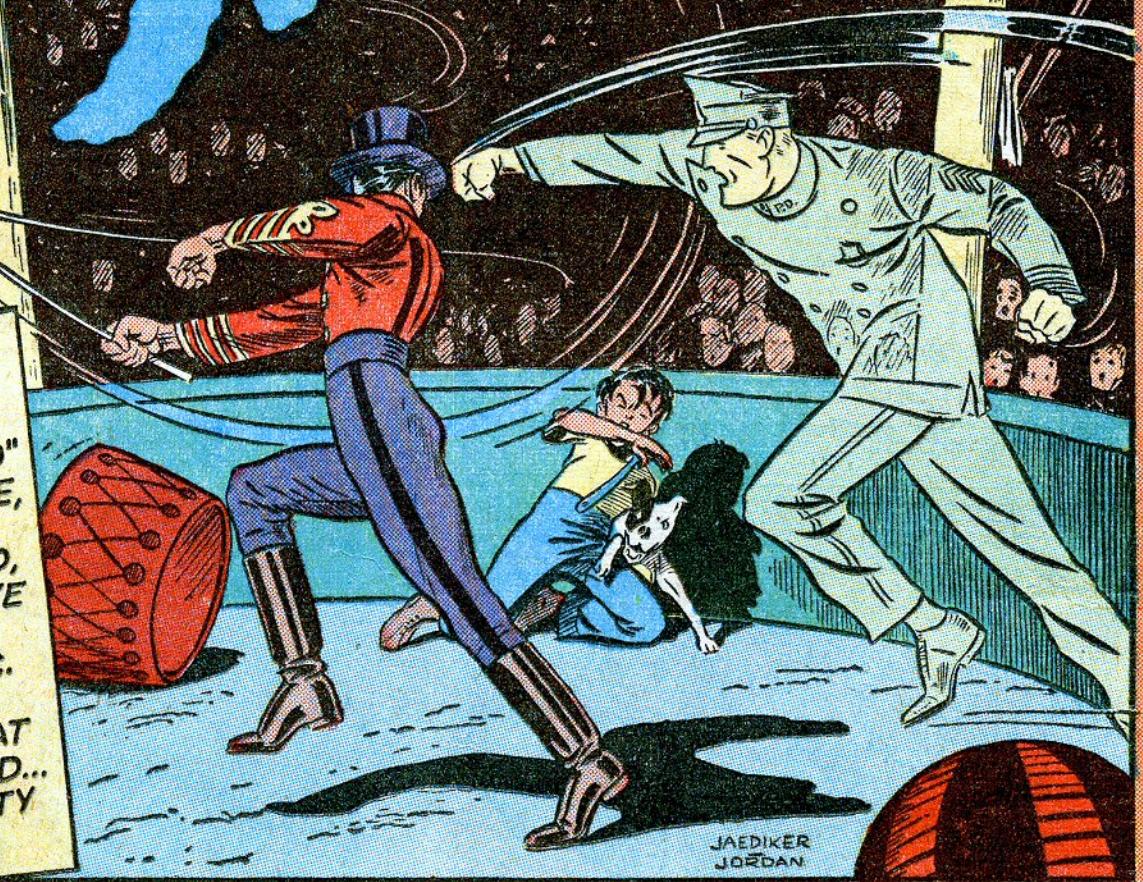
I STOPPED THE TRUCK... NOW TO STOP THOMPSON!



SUB-ZERO AND HIS LITTLE FRIEND, FREEZUM, CHILL A NEW CRIME IN ANOTHER ICY ADVENTURE NEXT MONTH!

Sergeant Crook

**SERGEANT
SPOOK AND
JERRY CALLED
THE PUP "BOZO"
-BUT HIS NAME,
AS THEY
DISCOVERED,
SHOULD HAVE
BEEN
"TROUBLE...
-BECAUSE
THAT'S WHAT
HE STARTED...
AND PLENTY
OF IT!**



JAEDIKER
JORDAN

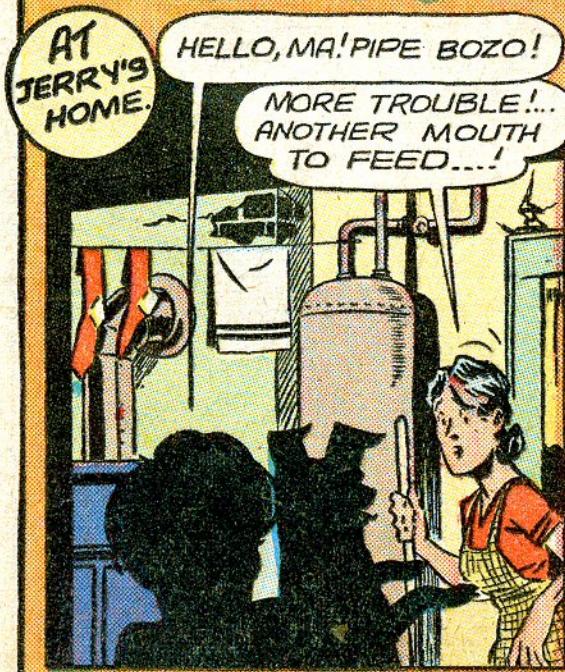
BOY MEETS DOG!...

WHAT THE...?
A MUTT!

SCRAM,
PEST!

**GOSH! HE GOT SO
SCARED, HE FELL
INTO THAT
MANHOLE!**





JERRY OPENS A
SMALL NEWSSTAND...

OKAY, BOZO...
DO YOUR
STUFF!

BOY...
LET'S HAVE A
CHRONICLE!

WELL... PRETTY
SMART PUP!

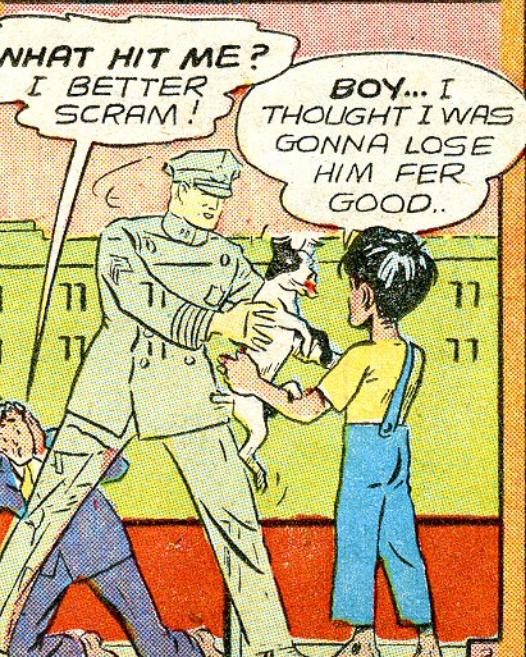
YEAH. HE
LOINS FAST!
WATCH!

SHAKE,
BOZO!

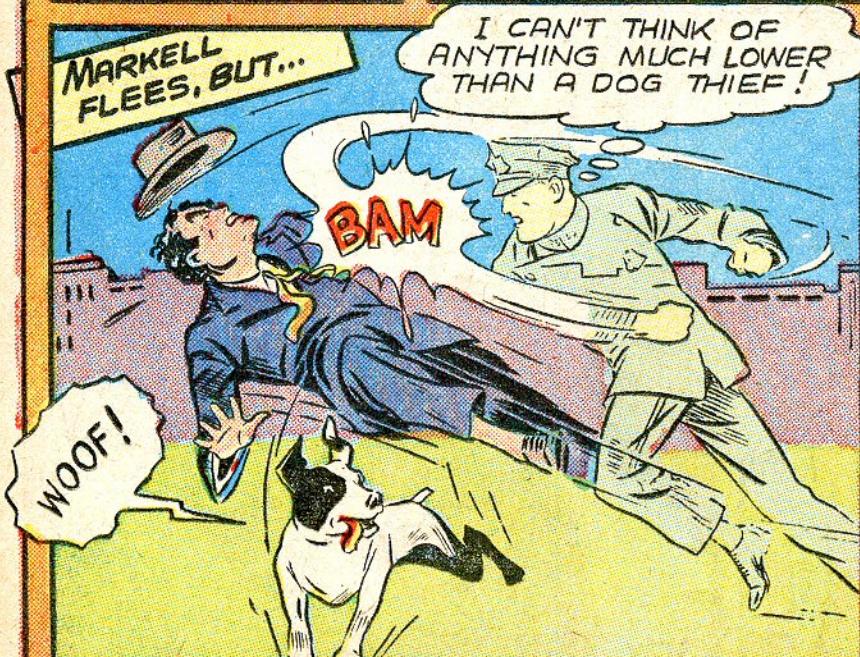


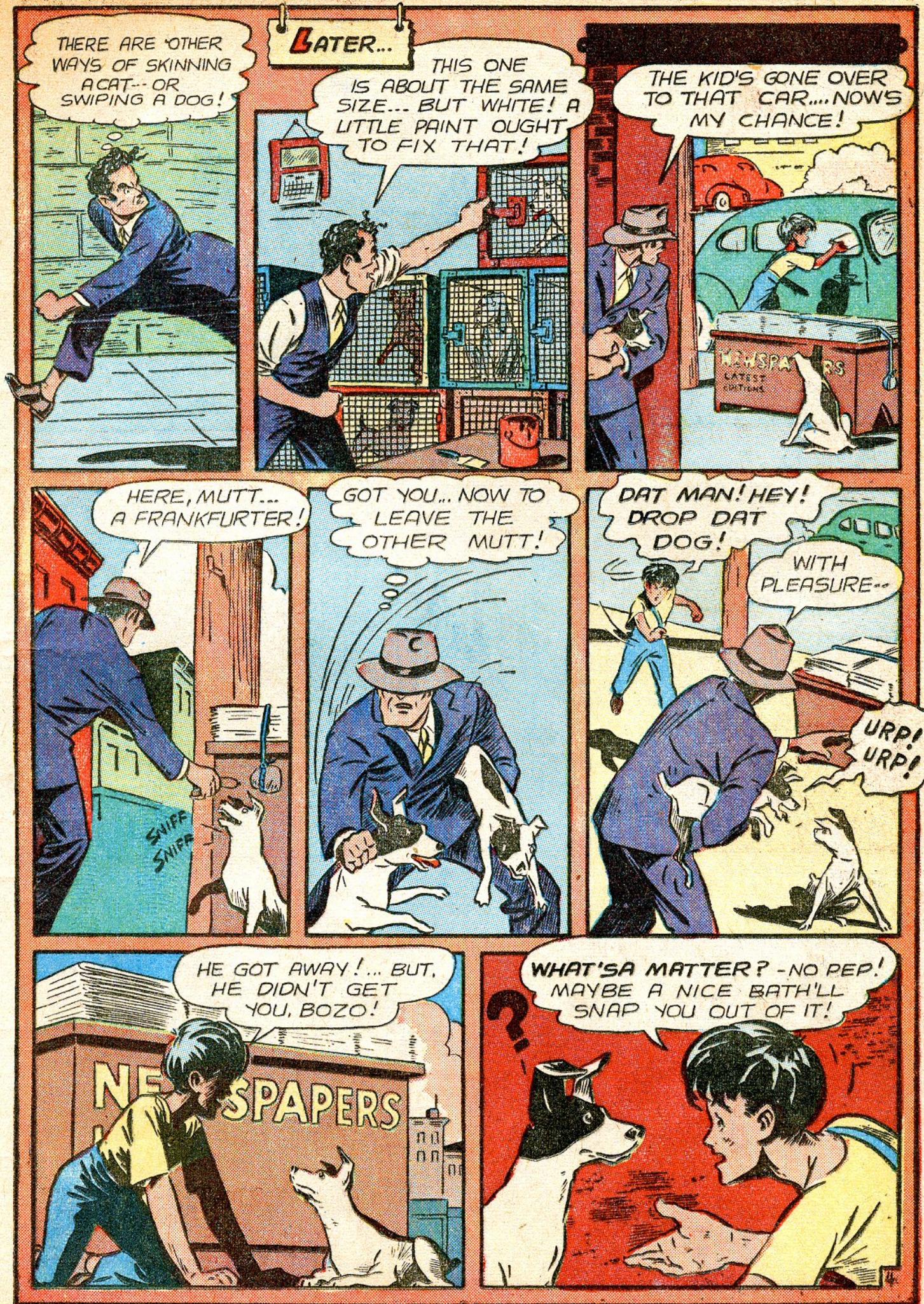
WELL, IF YOU WON'T
SELL HIM... I'LL TAKE
HIM, ANYHOW...

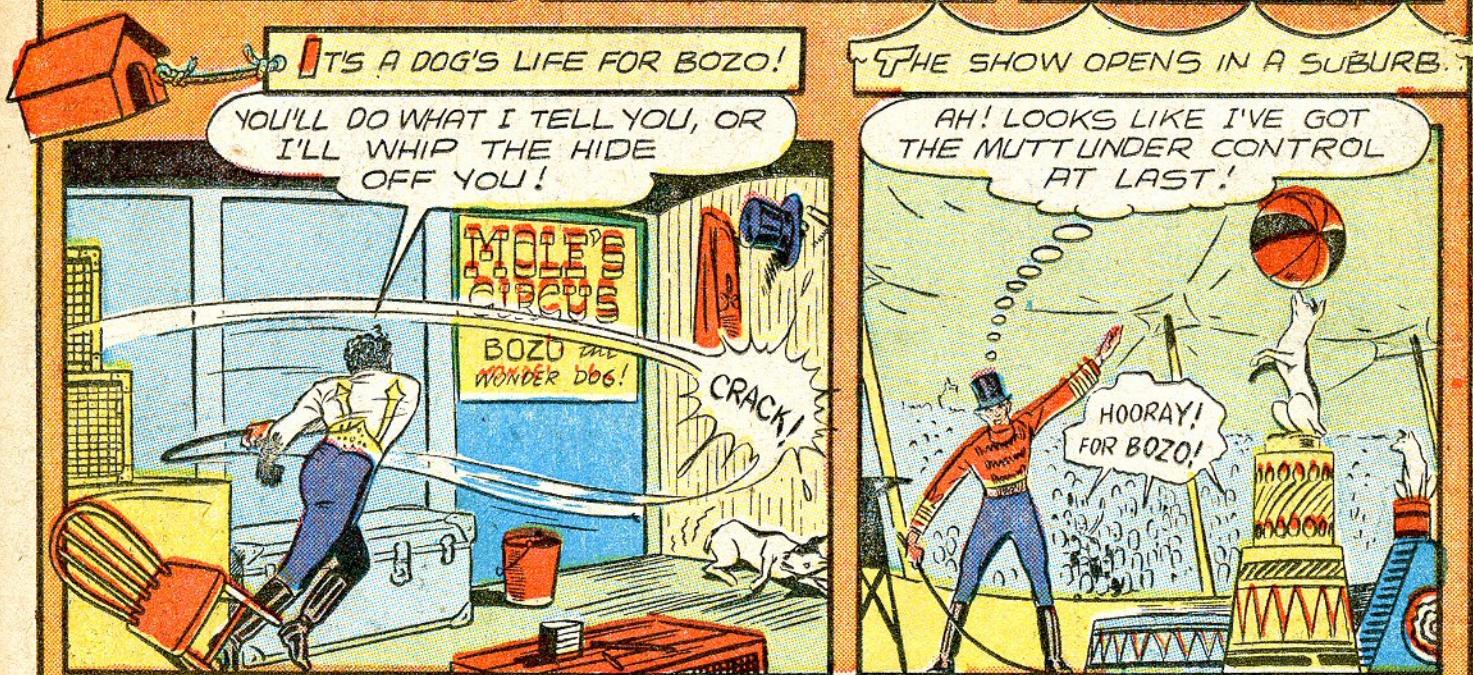
HEY!

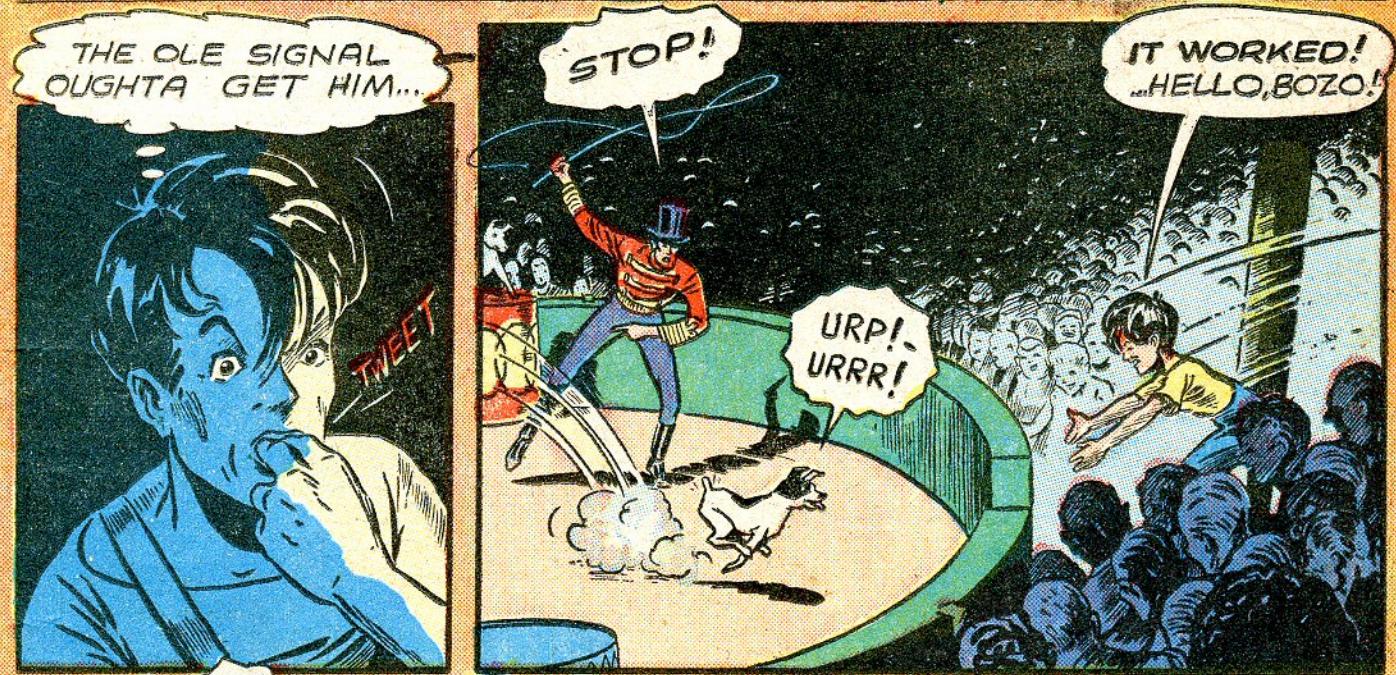
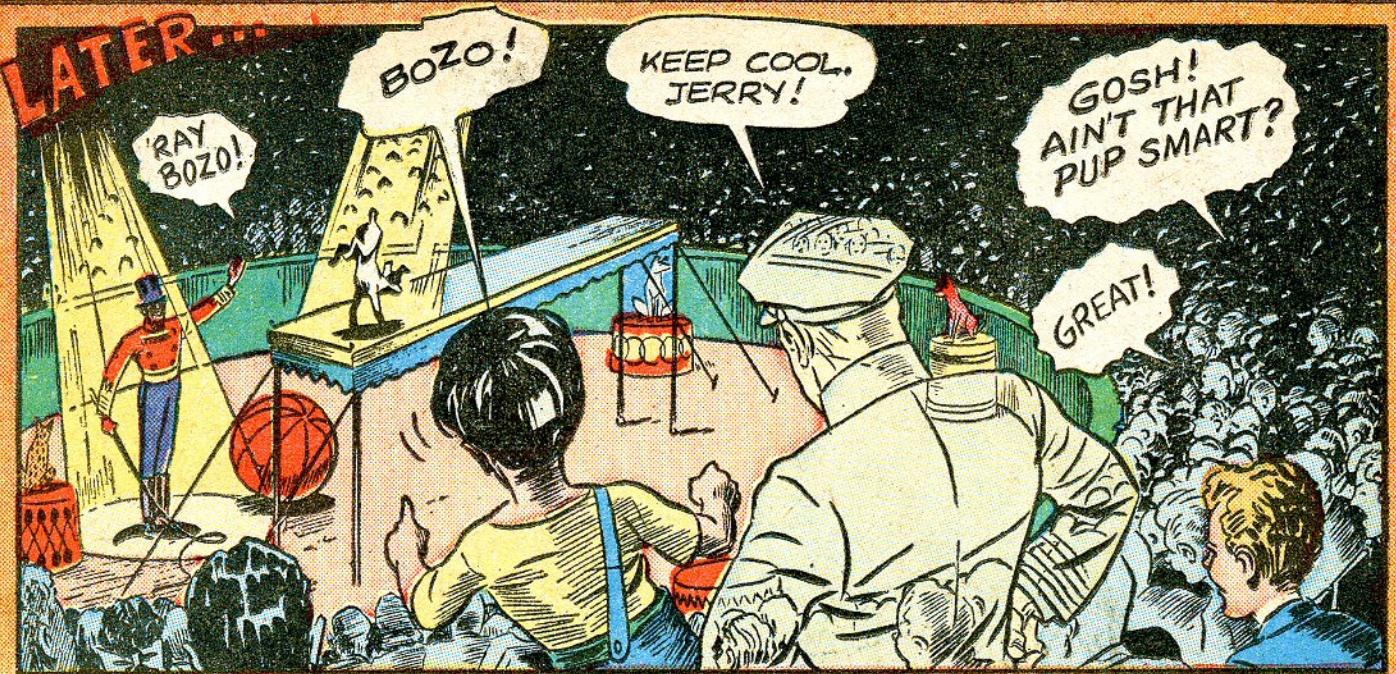


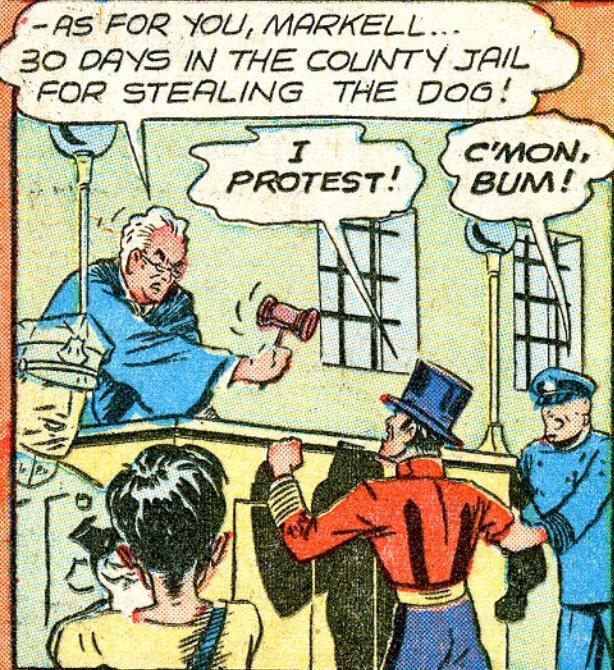
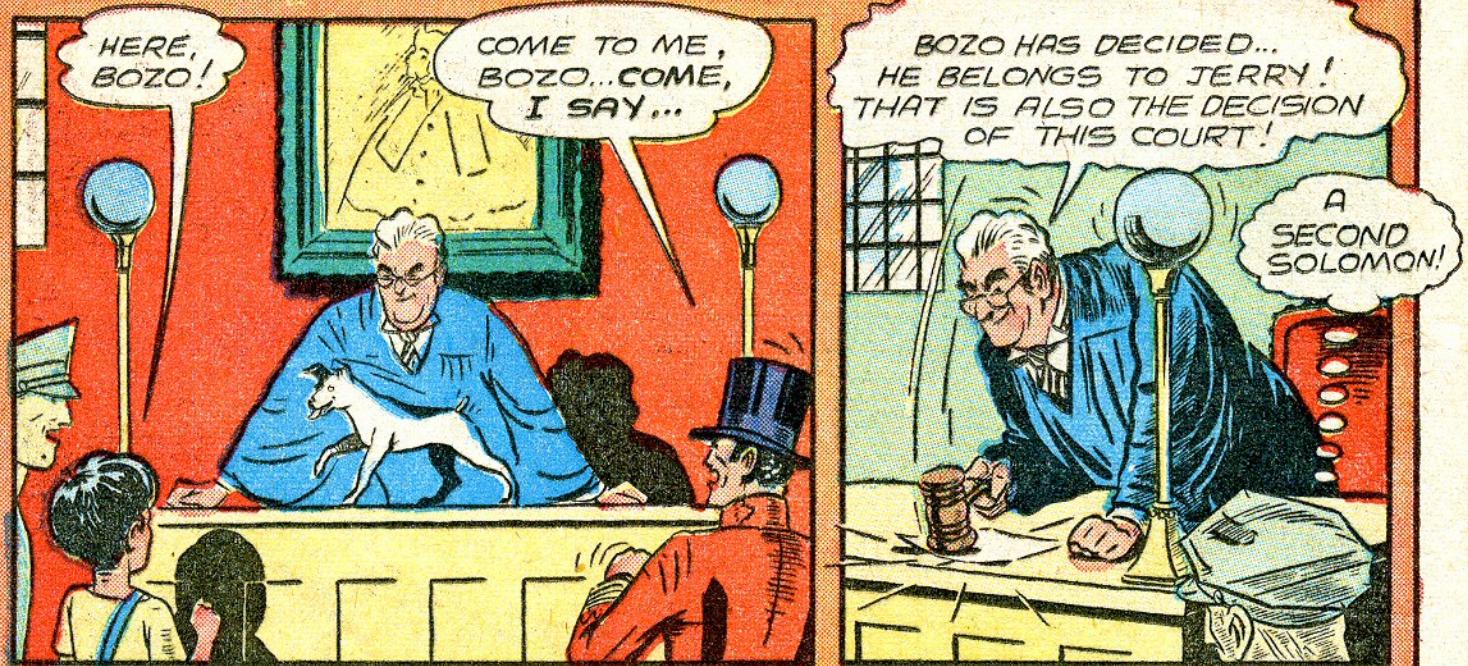
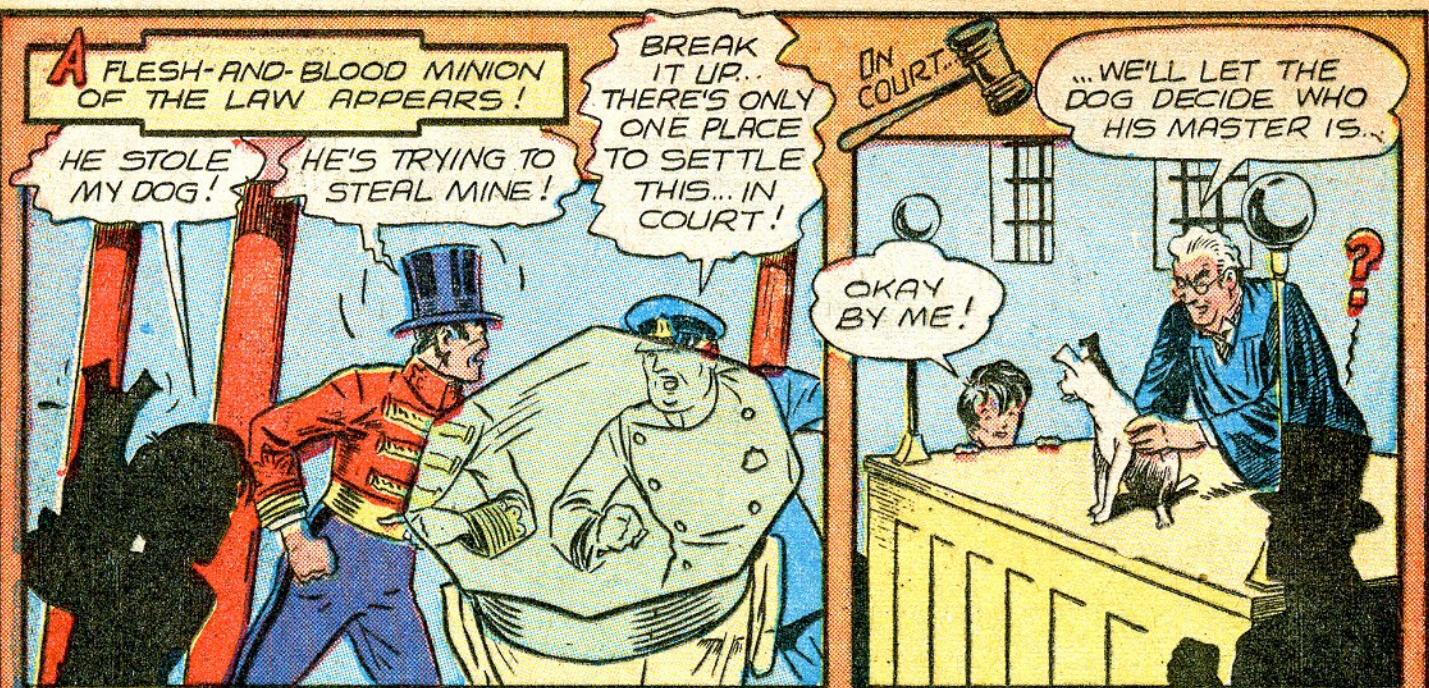
BOY... I
THOUGHT I WAS
GONNA LOSE
HIM FER
GOOD...











SERGEANT **SPOOK**
RETURNS
IN THE NEXT
ISSUE OF

BLUE BOLT

TO SLAP DOWN
ANOTHER
CRIMINAL
WHO
TRIES
TO
BEAT
THE
LAW!

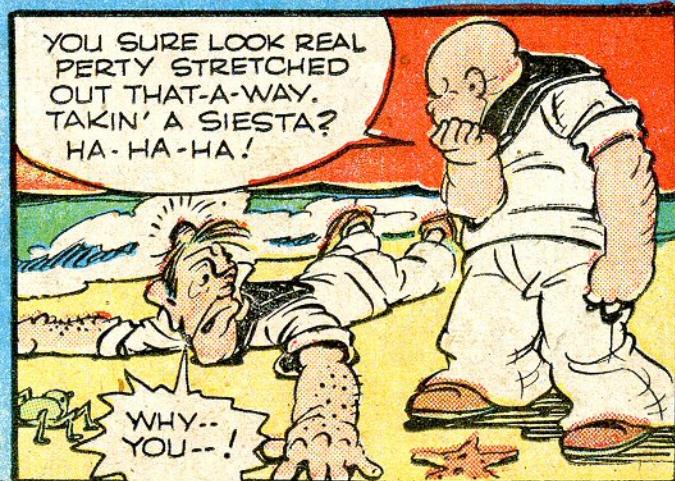
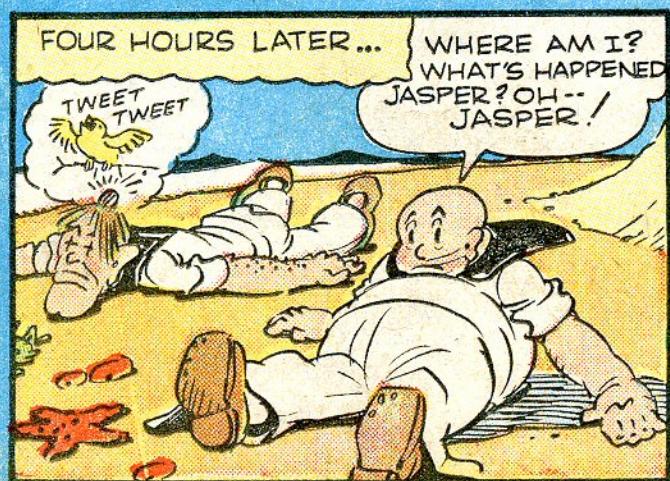
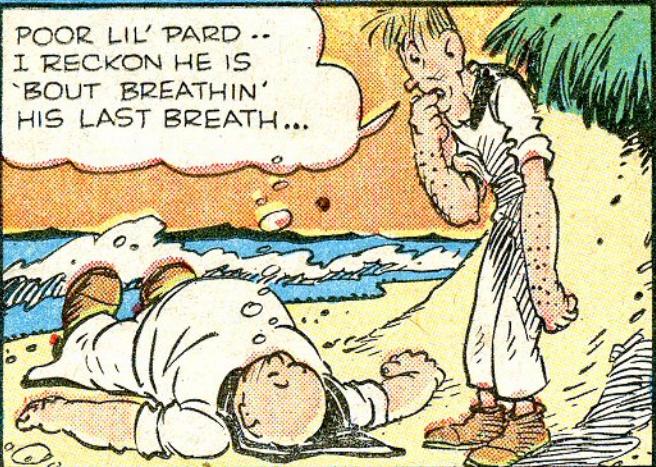
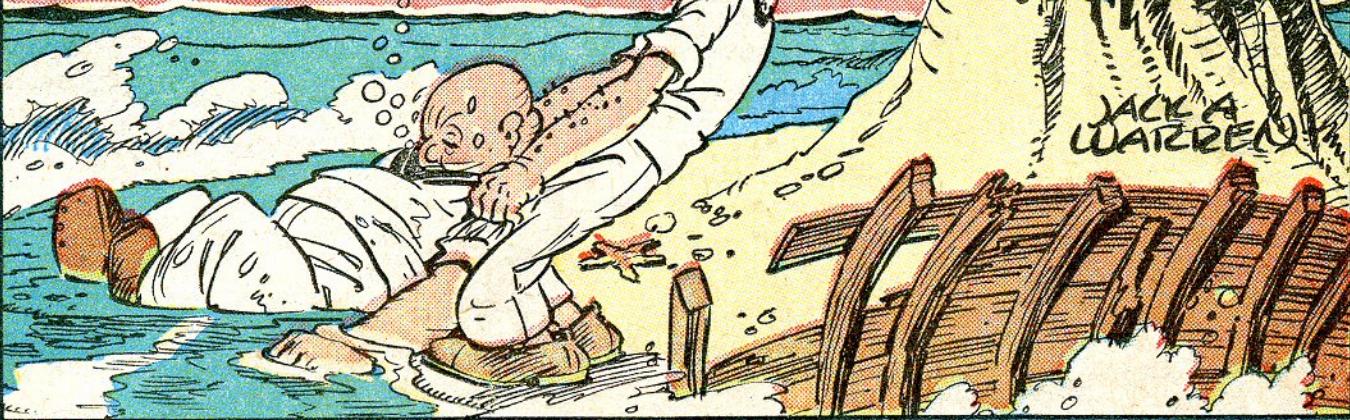
KRISKO and JASPER

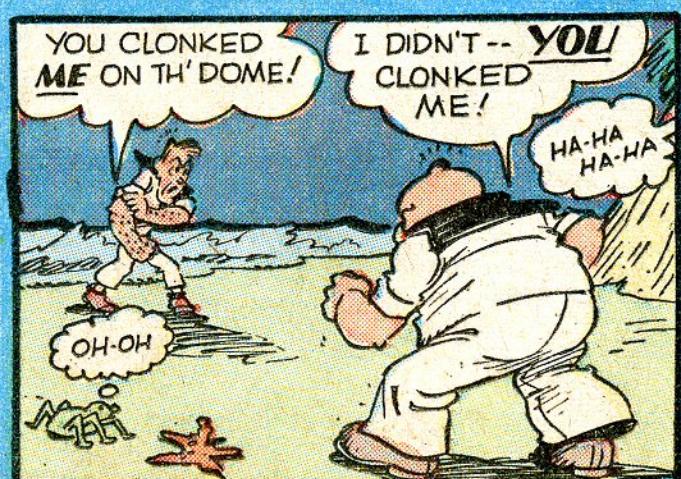
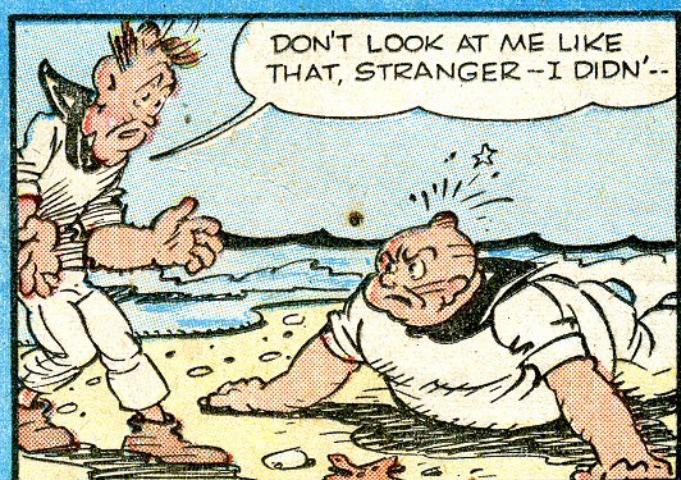
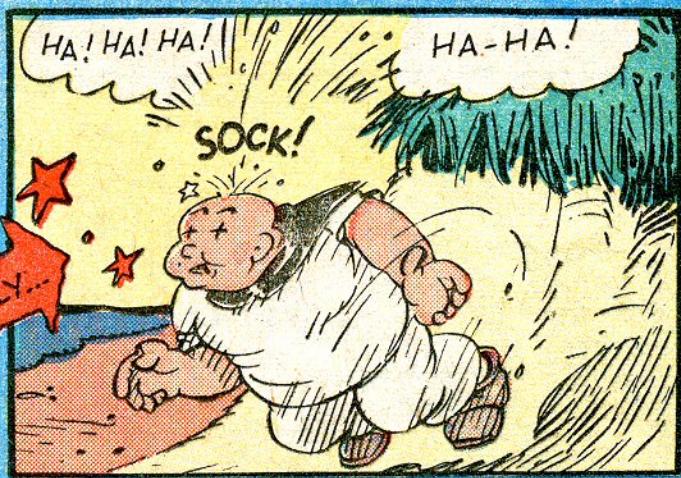
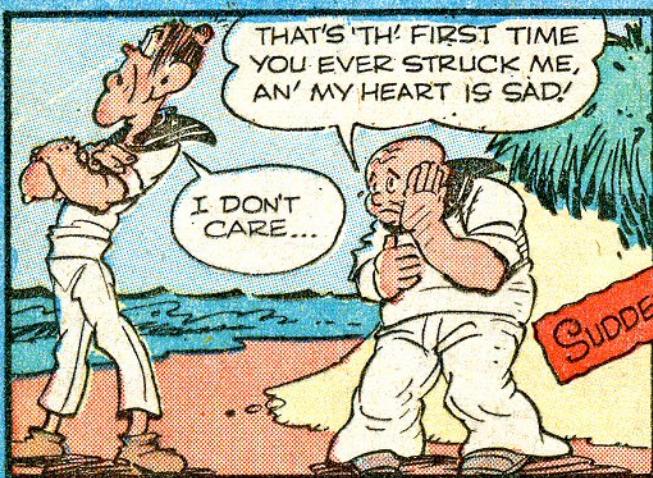
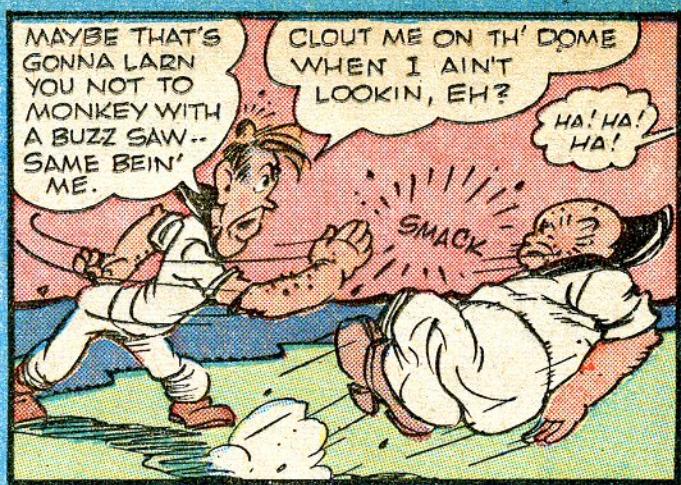
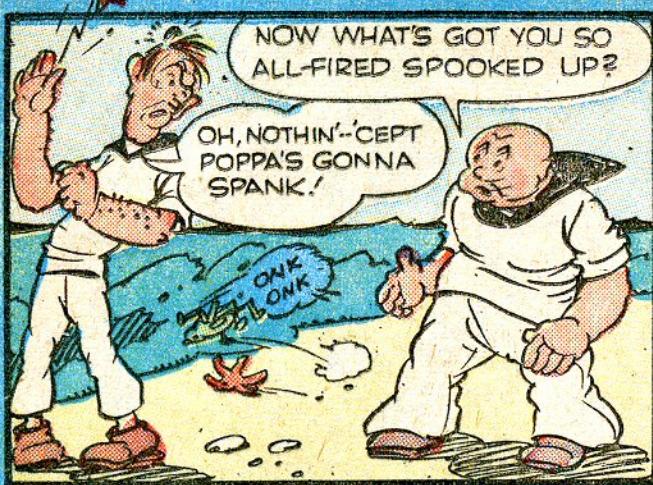
KRISKO AND JASPER HAVE BEEN BLOWN OUT OF THE SKIES FROM AN AIRPLANE INTO THE OCEAN, AND ARE NOW WASHED UP ONTO A SMALL ISLAND

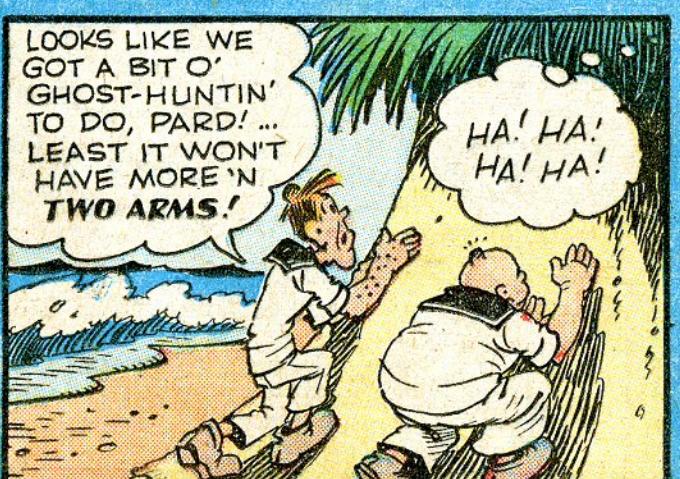
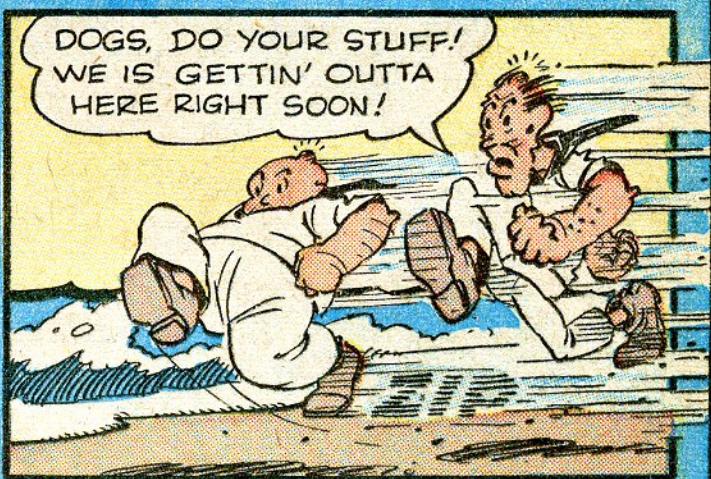
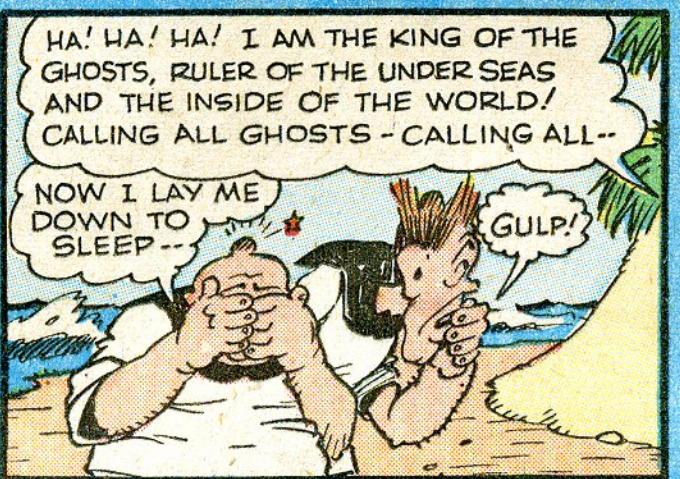
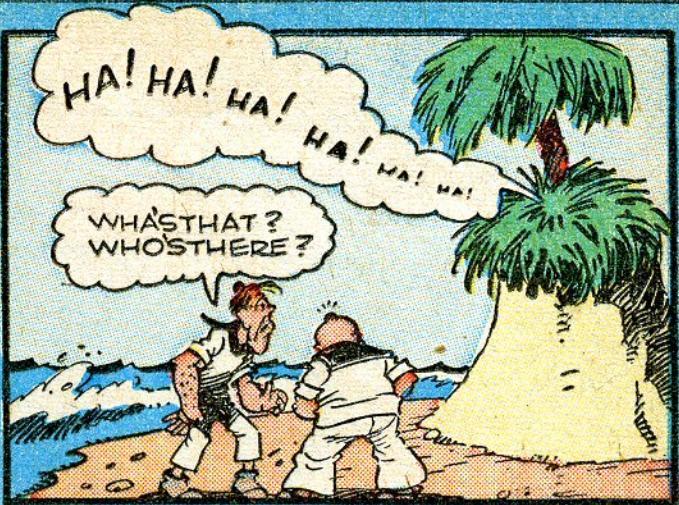
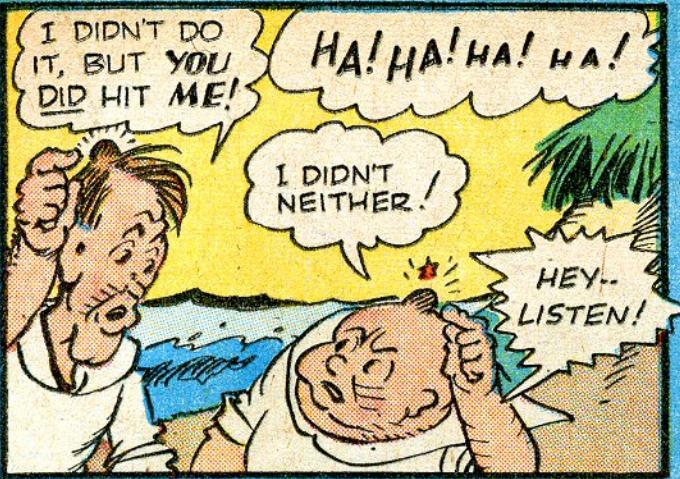
W-WAKE UP, PARD! W-WE AIN'T ALONE!

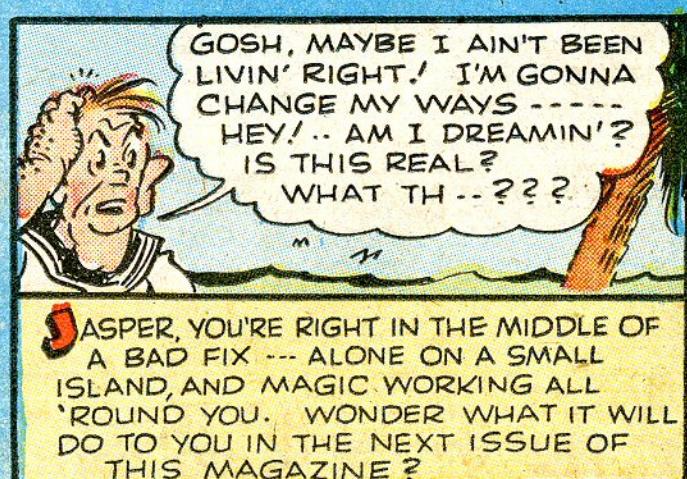
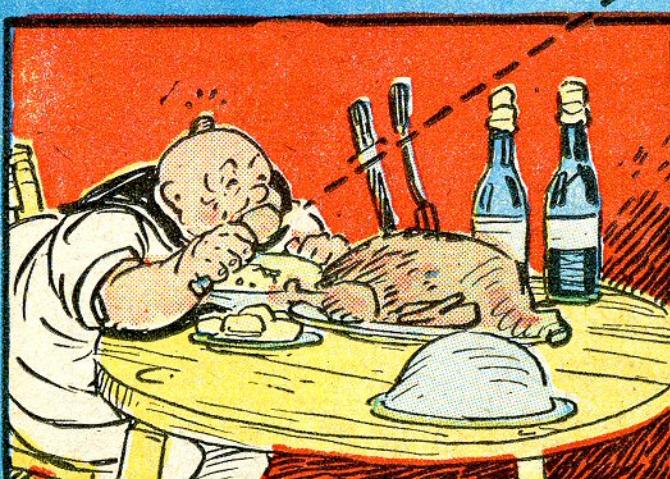
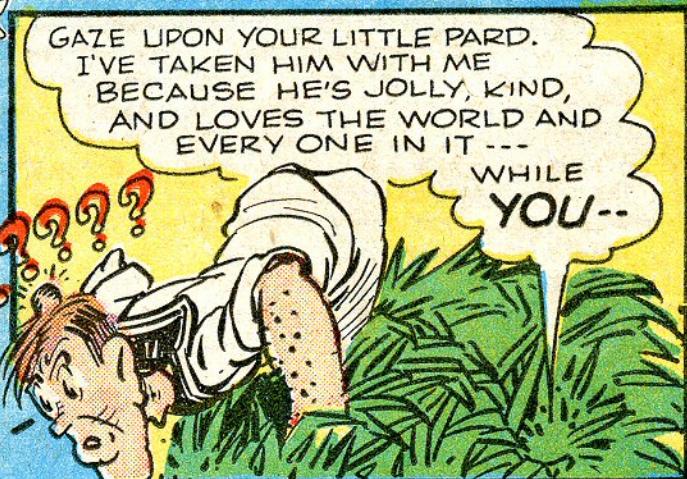
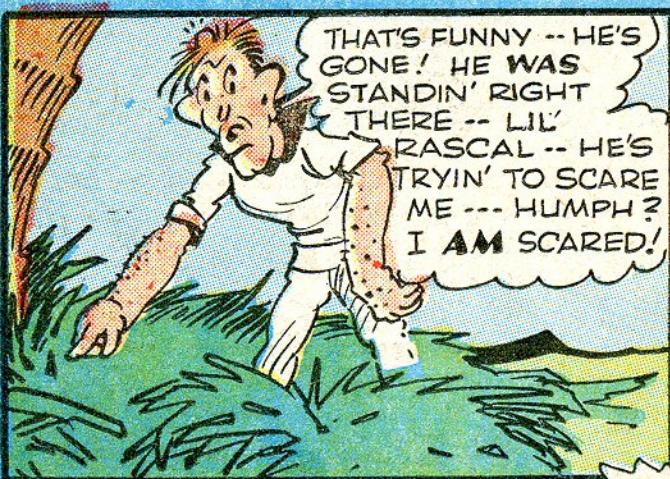
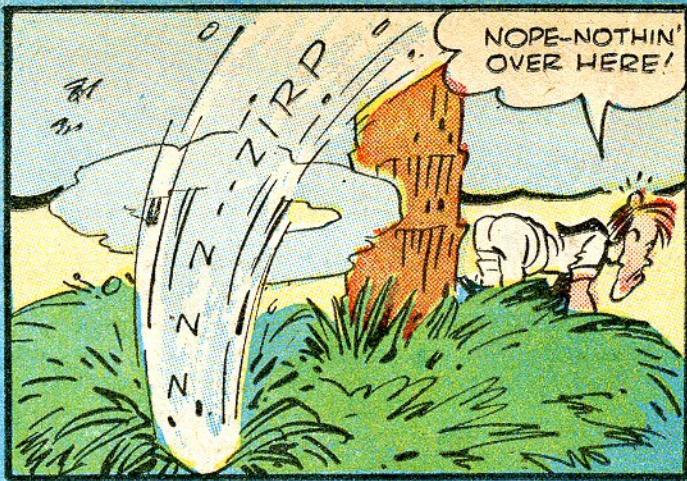
HA!
HA!
HA!

JACK A
WATERMAN









CHRISTOPHE

THE
BLACK EMPEROR OF HAITI

BY EUGENE L. POLLOCK

A little more than a hundred years ago, after the black slaves of the West Indian island of Haiti had beaten off their French masters, a colored general named Christophe (pronounce it Kris-toe-fay) set up a kingdom in the northern part of the country. Christophe was a stern and excellent general who had taken part in the revolution and helped to defeat the French army. Everyone feared him, as he punished with death those who disobeyed him.



One well-known story is about the building of his famous Citadel, or fort, at the top of a cliff. As there were no wagons to haul the heavy stones and the cannon up the steep mountain, the work had to be done by men. Ropes were tied about their waists and they hauled the huge pieces to the very top. One day a very heavy stone was given to the men. They pulled and pulled and could move it only a few feet at a time. Watching was Emperor Christophe, who ordered the men whipped to make them pull harder. When that didn't help, Christophe told every third man to step out of line. Thinking that the Emperor was going to give them a rest they stepped out cheerfully. Christophe called his soldiers and ordered them to shoot the men! Then he told the others that the same thing would happen to them if they didn't haul the stone faster than before! The rest used superhuman strength and finally pulled up the stone.

The Emperor formed a court made up of nobles who couldn't even write their own names. As a joke he gave them the oddest kind of names. There were the Duke and Duchess of Raspberry, the Earl of Watermelon, Baron Pumpernickel, the Count of Strawberry, Baron Tomato and many others with names that made any foreigner laugh to hear them called out at court.

One day a visitor from England was shown the Haitian Army. He saw troop after troop of soldiers march around from the back of the Emperor's palace past the reviewing stand and return. This went on for several hours and the visitor was amazed to see so many well-trained soldiers in such a little country. Each troop had a different uniform and that was where the mystery lay, for as soon as the soldiers reached the back of the palace, they changed uniforms and marched out again, making the visitor think he was watching a huge army.



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209 N. Humphrey Ave., Dept. "B" Oak Park, Ill.

TERROR IN THE GRASS

By SPILLANE

JOE MARTIN HAD BEEN out hunting insects for his biology collection all morning, and he was dead tired. Dropping his net and bottle to the ground, he flopped down beside it and rolled over on his back. He lurked, he thought over the assortment of beetles, butterflies, and spiders, and mentally figured out the way they would lie on the specimen table.

Very idly he plucked pieces of grass and bit their ends off, then he reached out for what seemed not notice the little clump of white flowers that grew near by, and automatically reached his hand into their midst and pulled one up. Joe bit the end off and chewed on the stem.

His eyes popped open with surprise, for a remarkable change was coming over him—he was growing smaller, clothes and all! Struck dumb with astonishment, he couldn't utter a word, but merely watched the fields about him growing into forests of fern and grass. He scrambled to his feet and clutched at a log. But it wasn't a log, it was the handle of his butterfly net!

It got bigger and bigger until he could no longer hold on, and he slid to the ground. Looking around in fright, he almost passed out. He was standing beside his collection bottle, but no longer was it filled with harmless insects. Instead, it contained a hoard of primitive jungle beasts. Their bony, plated eyes glared out at him, while huge jaws went.

opened in anger. He let out a groan. What could have caused this? Then he remembered, that flower, that was it!

Not daring to remain in the grass where the horrible beasts rolled over on his back. He lurked, he lit out for a spot that he knew was open dirt. That spot used for home plate when they played baseball.

Ordinarily it was a few steps from where he lay down, but now he traveled for what seemed hours without seeing it. A horrible dragonfly swooped down and eyed him hungrily. Its many eyes flashed, and its tail twitched. The thing crouched to spring, but Joe ducked under a rock. A moment later and he would have been a meal!

HE WAS SHAKEN with fright, for all around him were enormous, evil-looking monsters intent upon eating him. Slowly he crawled from his hiding place right into the face of a black beetle. The huge pincers ground

feet and clutched at a log. But it with a sickening crunch, and advanced on him! Never did he run so fast before. He darted through

the grass, tripping over tangled vines and tearing his clothes on their thorny projections. It gradually dawned on him that he was lost.

Fortunately, being a scout, he knew that the only way out lay in climbing a tree to determine his position, so he chose the tallest stem he could see. Up he ted him!

It was goldenrod weed, but it suited his purpose. There it was! The open patch he was looking for. Joe slid down slowly, hanging on tightly to the "trunk". There was a grunt beside him, and he turned to stare into a pair of hideous, glaring eyes! A tentacle was thrown around him, and try as he might, he was dragged slowly into the jaws of a devil-bug.

Somehow, he freed an arm and snatched out his pocket knife. His biology training stood him in good stead. He remembered that the antennae of the insects were their weak spots, and without them they were helpless. The toothless mouth opened to devour him when the blade whipped out.

Two strokes and the antennae were off! The tentacle unwound and Joe jumped back, but his foot slipped, and he plunged toward the earth. He came up with a jerk, dangling in midair. In his fall he was hooked by his belt to one of the thorns; another inch and he would have been impaled upon that giant pin!

But he couldn't remain like this, suspended in space, for at any moment one of the denizens of the forest might decide to make a meal of him. He wiggled and squirmed, but try as he might, he couldn't break loose. There was the rush of powerful wings, and his fears were fulfilled. A praying mantis had spot-

ALONE against the monsters of the grass! -- What lay in store for the boy who had shrunk to the size of an ant?

The green insect was the terror of the fields, with jaws that could rip and tear ruthlessly. Once those front legs grabbed a victim with their bony hooks, it was *death*, and now the demon moved toward *him*!

JOE FOUGHT AGAINST the thorn holding him until he was exhausted. His only chance in escaping the approaching mantis, now, was to attempt the drop to the ground. He took a deep breath, then cut his belt. The mantis, sensing his prey was getting away, leaped forward. Joe heard the claws clash together a hair's breadth above him, and the jaws of the killer closed on the remnants of his belt. The ground "came up," knocking the wind out of him.

Joe had no time to think; the mantis was behind him. He scrambled into the thick tangle of weeds, casting occasional glances over his shoulder. The green thing was still behind him! What to do?

There was a tunnel slanting down into the ground a little way off and he made for that, and dove in, head first. There was no time to see if it was occupied or not, with the mantis at his heels. The green creature's intelligence was not enough to locate him, and in a few moments it stalked off. Joe dashed out of the hole and headed in the general direction of the "home plate."

Every inhabitant of the grass watched him with glassy eyes and waving antennae. Some crawled after him, but with a little clever manoeuvering they were outwitted, and Joe went safely on. The terror was all around. From little wiggly things to giants in armor, with teeth and claws like dragons. Several times Joe almost ran into a clearing where two beetles were fighting to the death. At one place a tribe of ants battled over a huge bread crumb, but were too occupied to notice him.

The heat of the day was terribly singed, but unharmed. He knew that he wasn't far from the clearing, and by gauging his course by the top of a tree in the distance, he would come to it in a few hours.

By now he was getting used to the bugs, and they no longer bothered him, but when he was suddenly confronted by a huge toad he jumped with fear. The toad took him for an insect, and its tongue shot out. This was something new!

The net that broke his fall was strong and elastic. He bounced up and down gently in its meshes until the swaying stopped, and he then tried to get down. But, he was *caught!* He couldn't move at all. He lay in exactly the same position in which he had fallen.

The strands of the net were a silver-grey, covered with an invisible sticky substance. Realization came swiftly. He had dropped into a spider's web! Any moment the hideous death-dealer would appear, and he was helpless!

Joe kicked furiously, the web bounced, but it was very elastic, stretching under his struggles, but not giving way.

Under Joe's weight the web twisted into a dark funnel, out of which came the spider, an enormous, hairy-legged brute, covered with yellow and black spots. The slitted mouth dripped saliva while the bright specks that were eyes darted fire. It moved toward the boy, anticipating the meal that he would make. Joe's eyes bulged. He tried to scream, but nothing came out. Slowly the spider advanced until he was over the figure of his victim. Two mottled legs encircled his body, and lifted him free of the web! The spider started back for the funnel!

Only one defense! Joe reached into his pocket and pulled out a pack of matches, lit them, and tossed them into the net. In an instant the whole thing was a mass of flame! The hair on the spider curled, and he dropped Joe, to scramble to safety! The fern below cushioned Joe's fall, and he picked himself up, slight-

Joe dodged the lightning thrust in time and ducked behind a log. The snake-like tongue followed him. When he managed to get out of reach of the tongue, the toad hopped forward and started searching again. Joe was tiring fast. He had been through so much that he was ready to drop.

At that moment a column of tiny insects marched by. The toad's attention was taken by them, and the tongue darted out scooping them into its mouth by the dozens! Joe lost no time getting away.

JOE THOUGHT HE'D NEVER make it, but at last he caught sight of the clearing and the rock. Good old home plate! He crawled through the dust to the stone and climbed up. Immediately he jumped to his feet. Why, he couldn't stay here — the gang would play ball there that day and he would be crushed under foot! He started back to the fields and the danger from which he had just escaped!

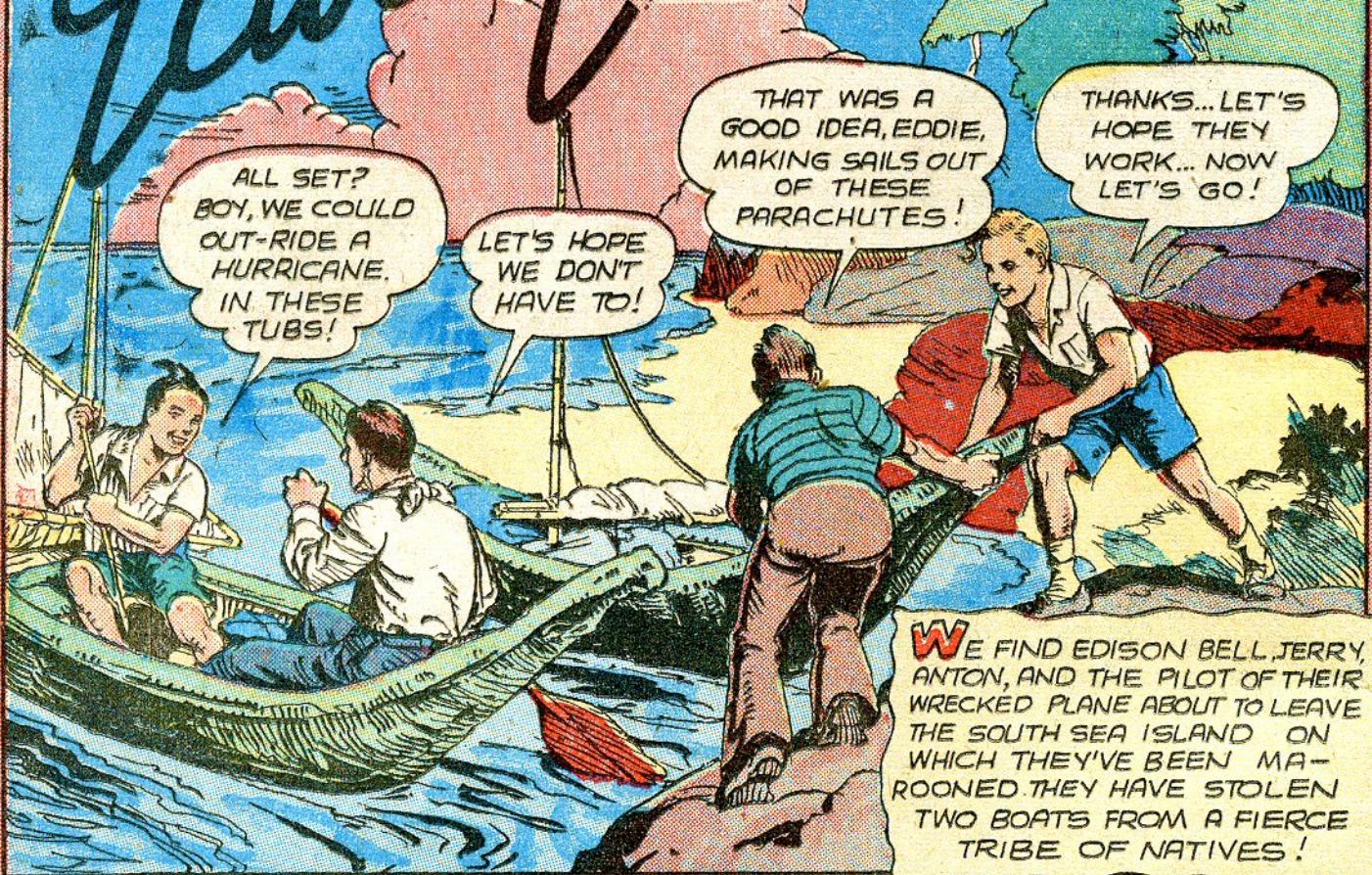
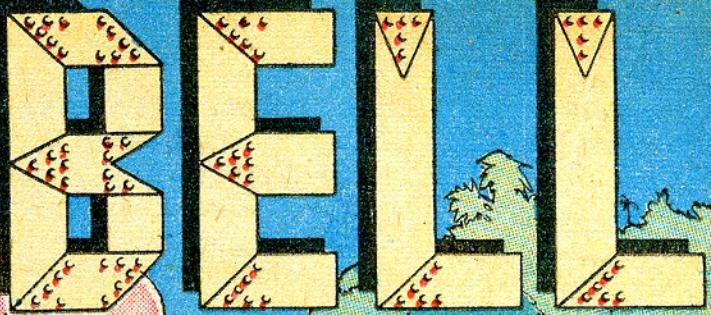
IT WAS THEN that a queer event took place; the sky darkened, and Joe looked up. A meteor was hurtling to earth! But it was unlike any he had ever seen. Round and white, with strange, stitch-like markings. Joe opened his mouth — it was, yes, **IT IS — a baseball!**

Pete was yelling: "Hey Joe, get up, the game's started! If the ball hadn't conked you, you'd have slept forever!"

THE END

Edison Bell

by Ray Gill and
HAROLD DELAY



WE FIND EDISON BELL, JERRY, ANTON, AND THE PILOT OF THEIR WRECKED PLANE ABOUT TO LEAVE THE SOUTH SEA ISLAND ON WHICH THEY'VE BEEN MAROONED. THEY HAVE STOLEN TWO BOATS FROM A FIERCE TRIBE OF NATIVES!

WELL STOCKED WITH FOOD AND WATER, THEY SAIL FOR HOME...

...BUT, AS THE DAYS PASS, THEY RUN INTO ALL KINDS OF WEATHER...

... FROM STORMS TO CALMS IN THE BROILING SUN!

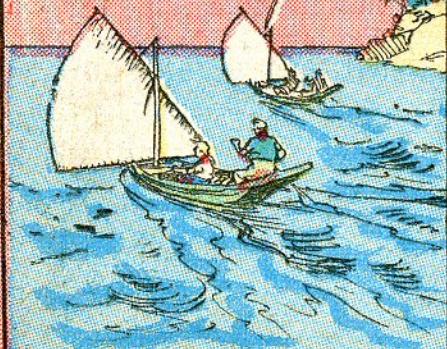
CALIFORNIA, HERE WE COME AGAIN!

LET'S HOPE WE MAKE IT THIS TIME!

I COULDN'T GET ANY WETTER THAN I AM NOW!

PLEASE, ED... NIX... IF JUST ONE WE FINISH MORE DRINK!

THIS, WE'LL HAVE TO DRINK SEA WATER!



FINALLY... A BREEZE!

HOT-DOG!
NOW WE'LL GET
SOMEPLACE!

YEAH...
BUT
WHERE?

HEY!
FOLLOW
US!

WHY?
SEE
SOME-
THING?

NO! BUT BILL
HERE CAN JUDGE
THE DIRECTION
BY THE
SHADOW OF
THE MAST!

RIGHT!



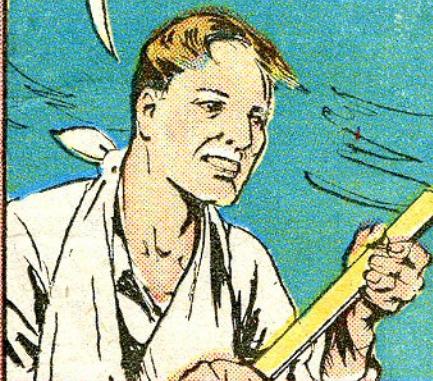
IF WE SAIL DUE NORTH-
EAST WE'LL HIT
CALIFORNIA, IF WE
LAST THAT LONG, OR
MEET A SHIP ON
THE REGULAR
STEAMER LANES!

THAT'S A LONG
CHANCE THOUGH,
ISN'T IT?

YES... BUT
BETTER THAN
NONE AT
ALL!

THE DAY DRAGS THROUGH,
AND AS NIGHT SETTLES...

HERE, ANTON, I'LL
TAKE OVER...
GET SOME
SLEEP!



...SO DOES A
HEAVY FOG!

HMM... DAMP, EH? THIS IS
GOOD OLD "LONDON
SOUP"! I HOPE WE
DON'T RUN INTO
THE SHIP LANES
TONIGHT!

YEAH! HEY.
JERRY! BILL!
BETTER
STICK
CLOSE!

OKAY!

Suddenly... EDDIE'S BOAT
SHUDDERS AS IT
COMES IN CONTACT
WITH A SOLID MASS!

OH! ED...
WHAT'S
THAT?

Y-YOU
GOT ME
PAL!



THE MYSTERIOUS OBJECT SCRAPES ALONG THE SIDE... EDDIE, FRANKLY PUZZLED, REACHES FOR IT.

W-WHAT IS IT?

I HAVE IT... HOLY SMOKES!

WHAT?

PICKLES! A BARREL FULL OF PICKLES!

HEY! NOW WE ARE IN FOR IT!

WHY?



WELL, FOR ONE THING, WE HAVE NO LIGHTS... AND THE PRESENCE OF THIS PICKLE BARREL SHOWS THAT ...

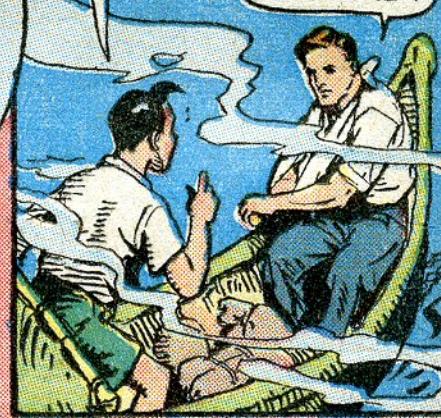
OH...

I GET YOU... WE MUST BE IN THE SHIP LANES NOW!

RIGHT!

LISTEN, BILL! THERE IT IS AGAIN!

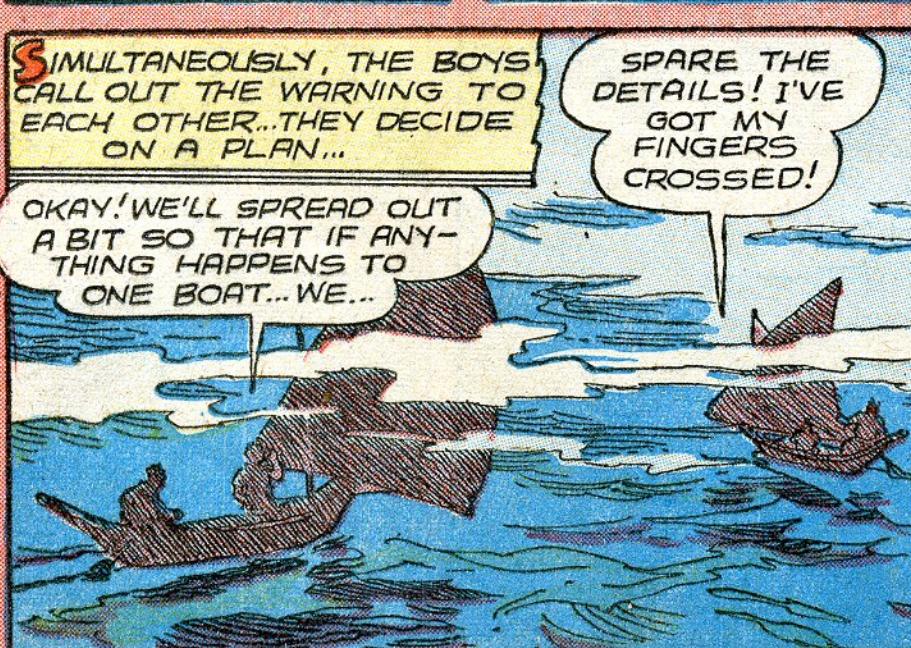
RIGHT! WE'D BETTER WARN THE OTHERS!



SIMULTANEOUSLY, THE BOYS CALL OUT THE WARNING TO EACH OTHER... THEY DECIDE ON A PLAN...

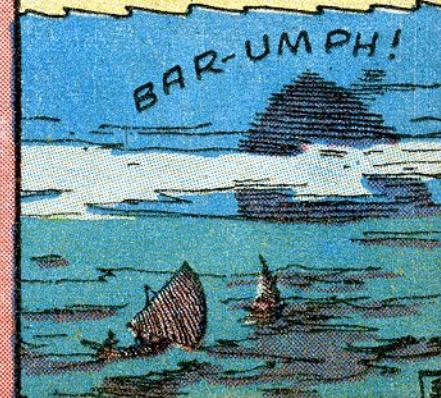
SPARE THE DETAILS! I'VE GOT MY FINGERS CROSSED!

OKAY! WE'LL SPREAD OUT A BIT SO THAT IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO ONE BOAT... WE...



Suddenly, THROUGH THE BOTTOMS OF THEIR BOATS, THEY FEEL THE THROB OF NEARBY ENGINES! THEN THE BLAST OF OF A SHIP'S FOG-HORN!

BAR-UMPH!



E SUDDEN SHIFT IN THE FOG SHOWS EDDIE...

OMIGOSH!
IT'S BEARING
DOWN ON
JERRY'S BOAT!
HEY!

JERRY!
LOOK
OUT!

...BUT THEIR
YELLS ARE
DROWNED OUT
BY THE FOG
HORN, THEN...

SIT DOWN!
OR WE'LL
BE IN
THERE
TOO!

ANTON!
THEY'VE
BEEN
HIT!

THE SHIP IS
COMING THIS WAY!
SAIL TOWARD
IT, FAST!

NIX, ED! WE'LL
GET HIT, TOO!

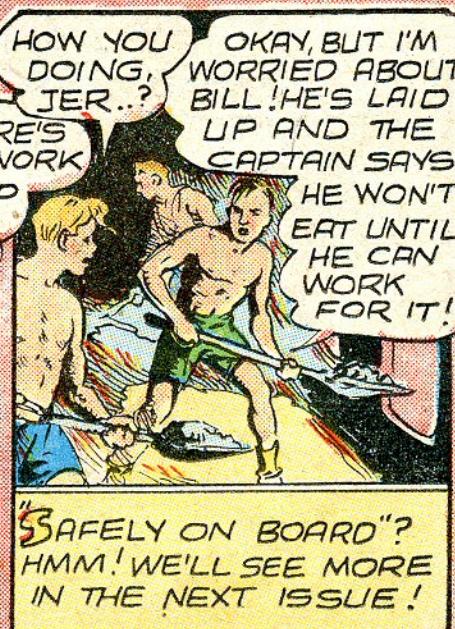
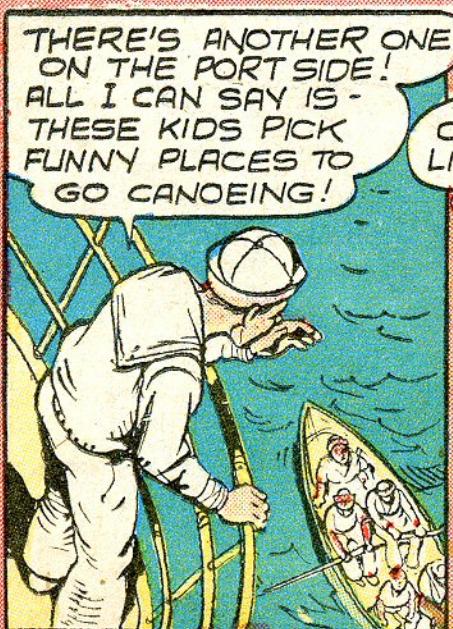
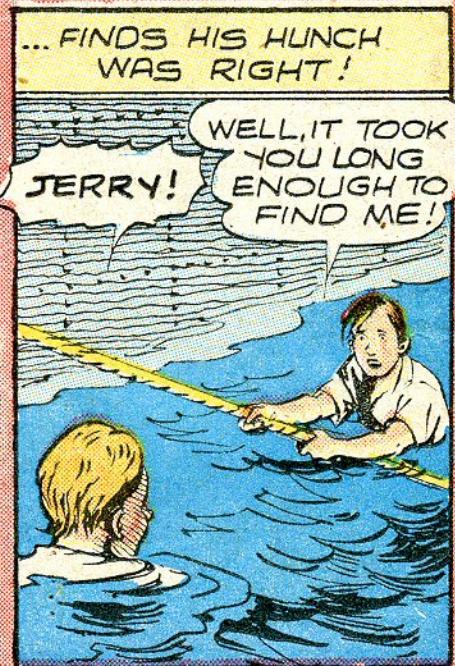
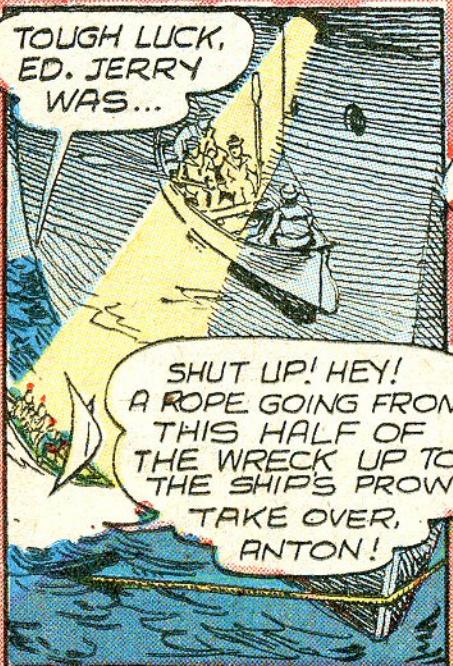
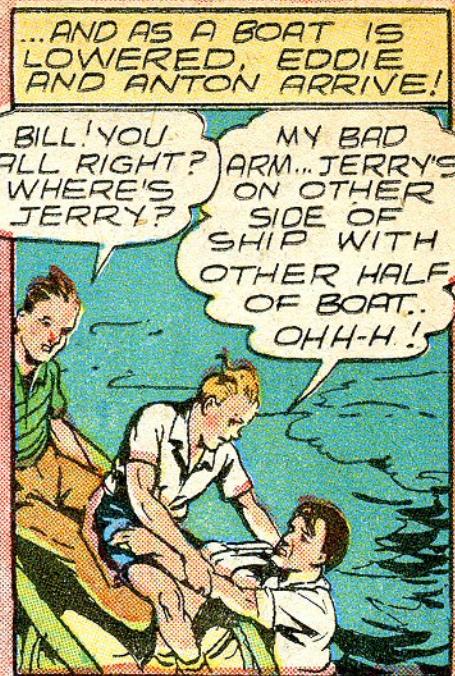
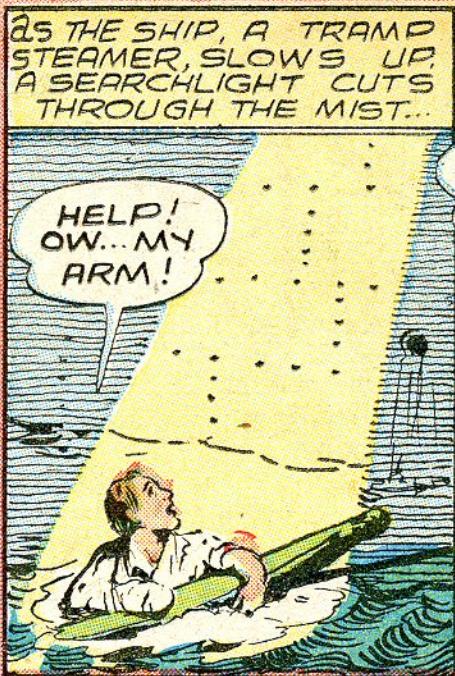
WHY, YOU RAT! DO AS
I SAY OR I'LL
TOSS YOU TO
THE SHARKS!

OKAY!
I WAS
ONLY
KIDDING!

THAT'S BETTER! HERE,
POUR COCONUT OIL ON
THIS FIBRE - TIPPED
ARROW, QUICK!
NOW LIGHT IT!

EDDIE SHOOTS HIS
IMPROVISED FLARE
TOWARD THE SHIP!

THERE!



Edison Bell
SHOWS YOU HOW TO
**Convert Your
ROWBOAT
INTO A
SAILBOAT**

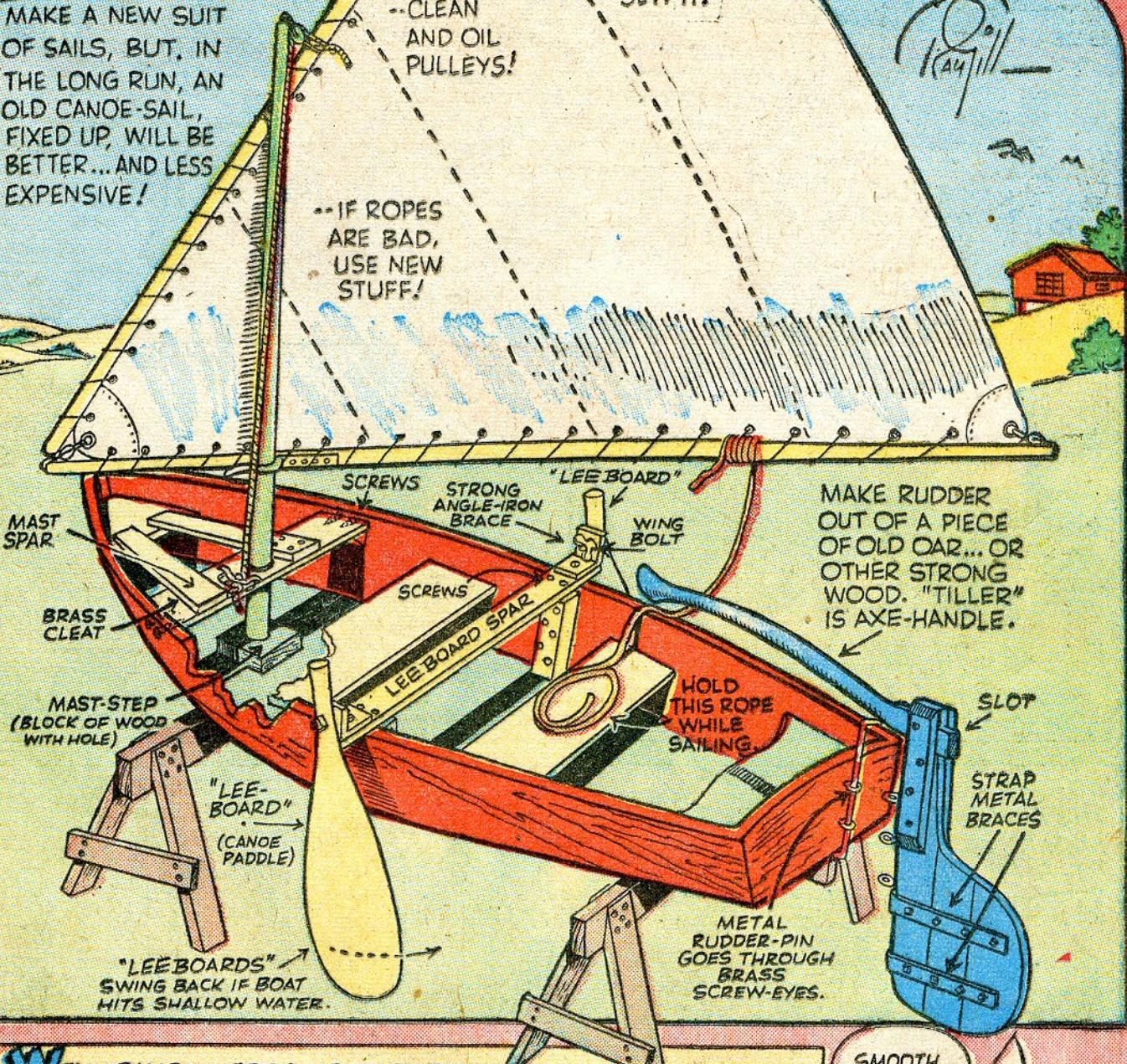
IT'S POSSIBLE TO
MAKE A NEW SUIT
OF SAILS, BUT, IN
THE LONG RUN, AN
OLD CANOE-SAIL,
FIXED UP, WILL BE
BETTER...AND LESS
EXPENSIVE!

CLEAN
AND OIL
PULLEYS!

-- IF ROPES
ARE BAD,
USE NEW
STUFF!

-- IF SAIL
IS TORN,
SEW IT!

TAKE AN OLD SUIT
OF CANOE-SAILS, FIX
THEM UP, AND MOUNT THEM
ON YOUR ROWBOAT OR
"DINGHY" AS SHOWN. THE
"LEEBOARDS" (MADE FROM
BROKEN CANOE-PADDLES)
LEND STABILITY
AND AID IN
"TACKING."



WELL, GANG -- HERE'S HOPING YOU
HAVE AS MUCH FUN SAILING AS WE'VE HAD.
IN A RIG LIKE THE ONE ABOVE, BY THE WAY, BUY YOURSELF
A "LIFE-PRESERVER PILLOW" ... AND **PLAY SAFE!**

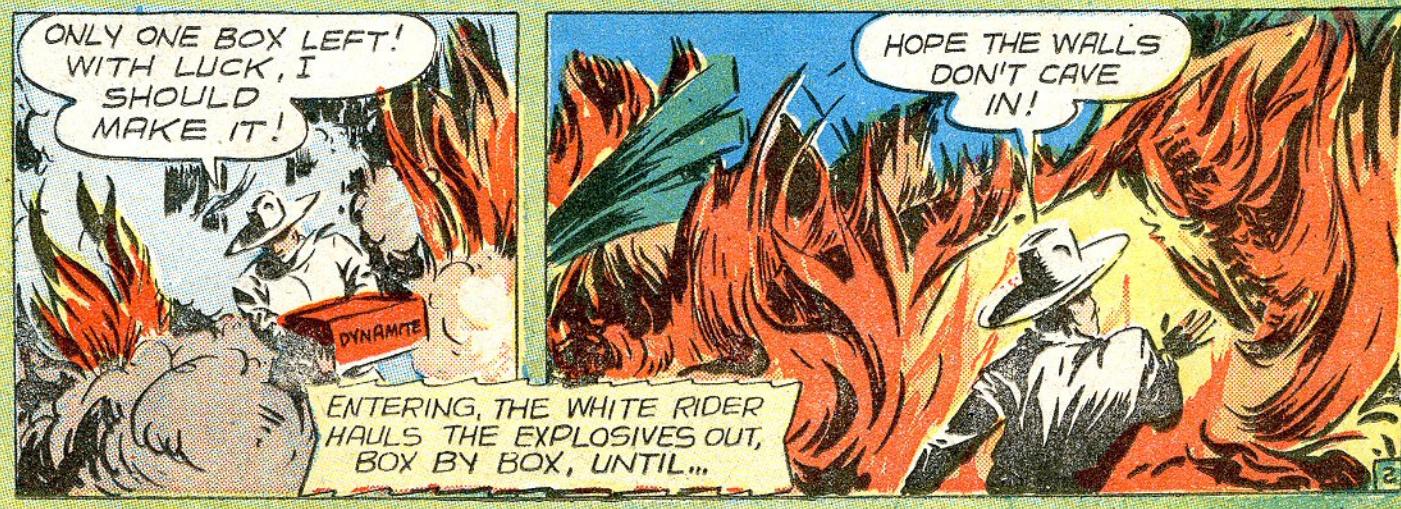
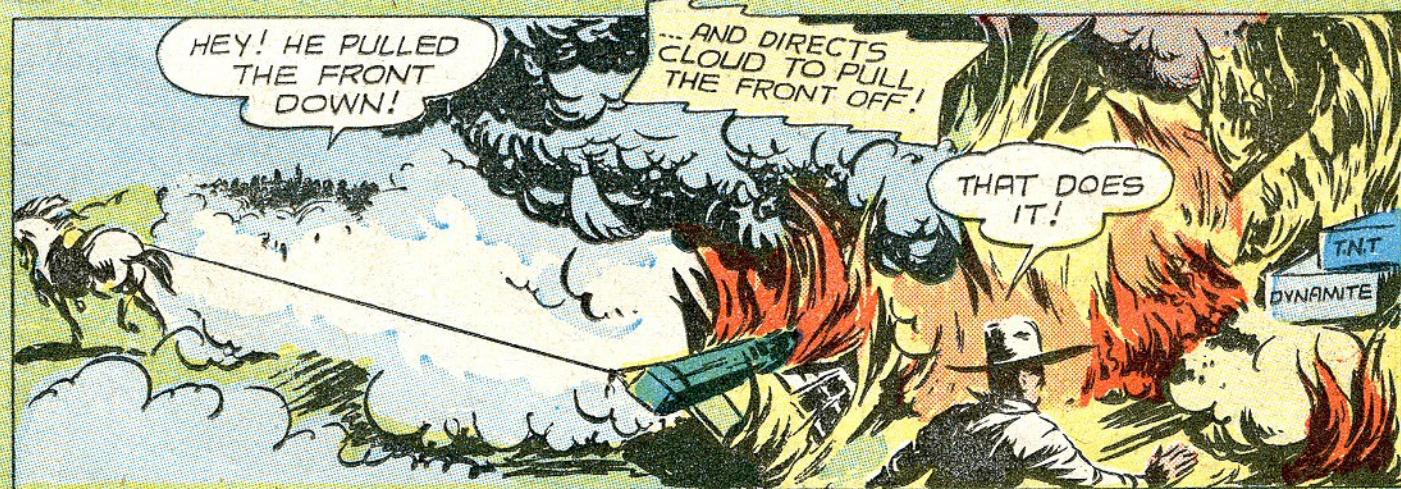
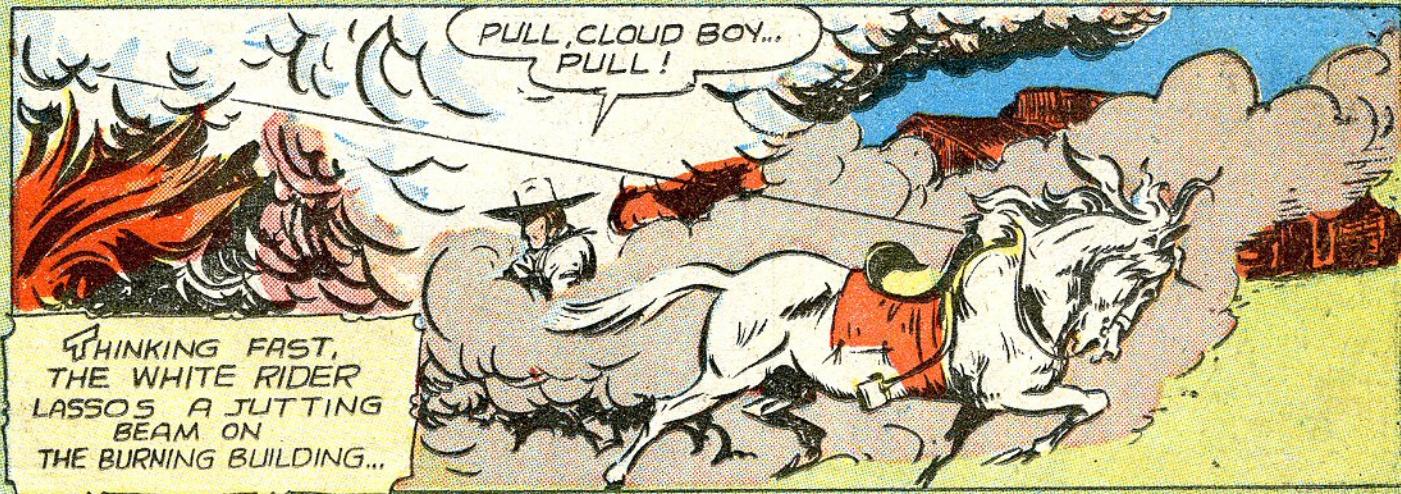
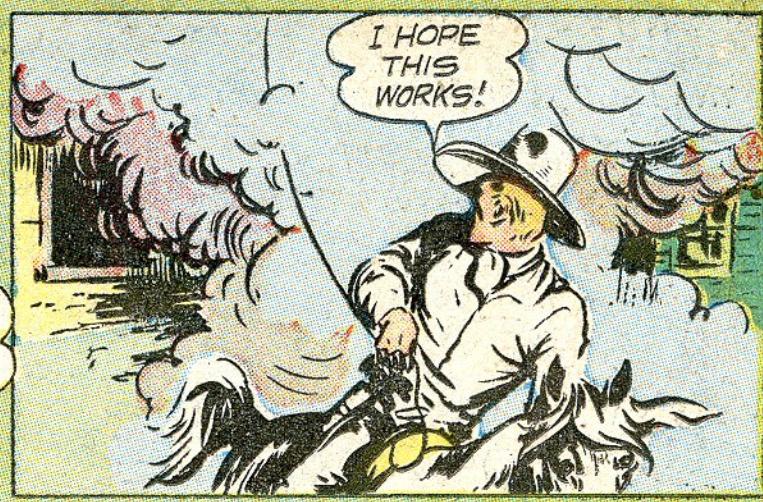
SMOOTH
SAILING!

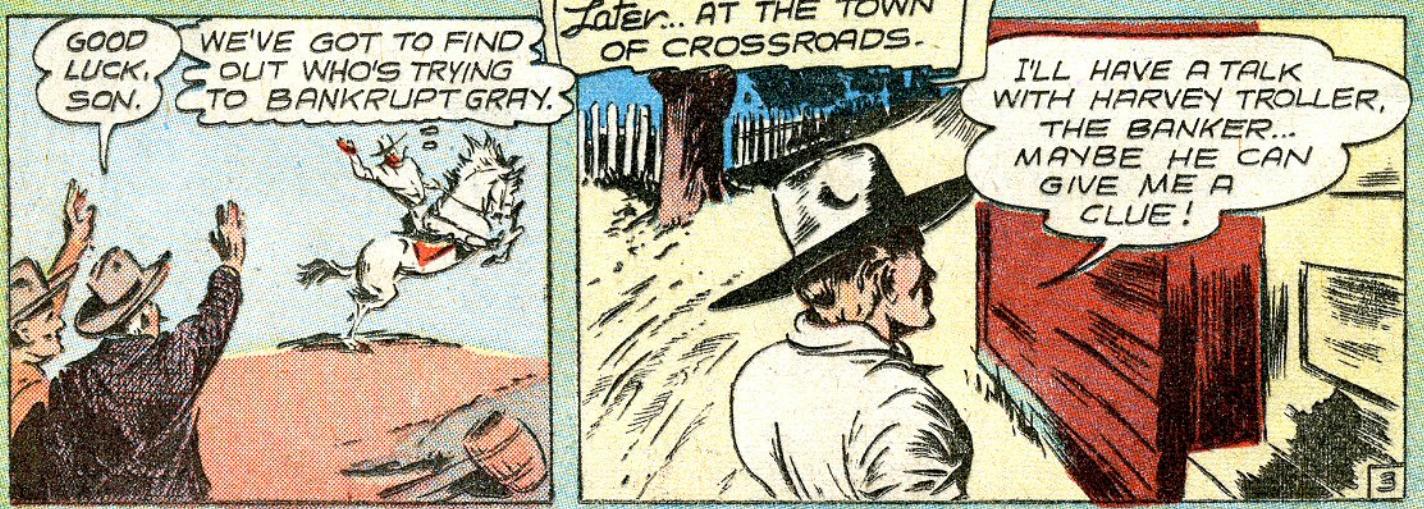
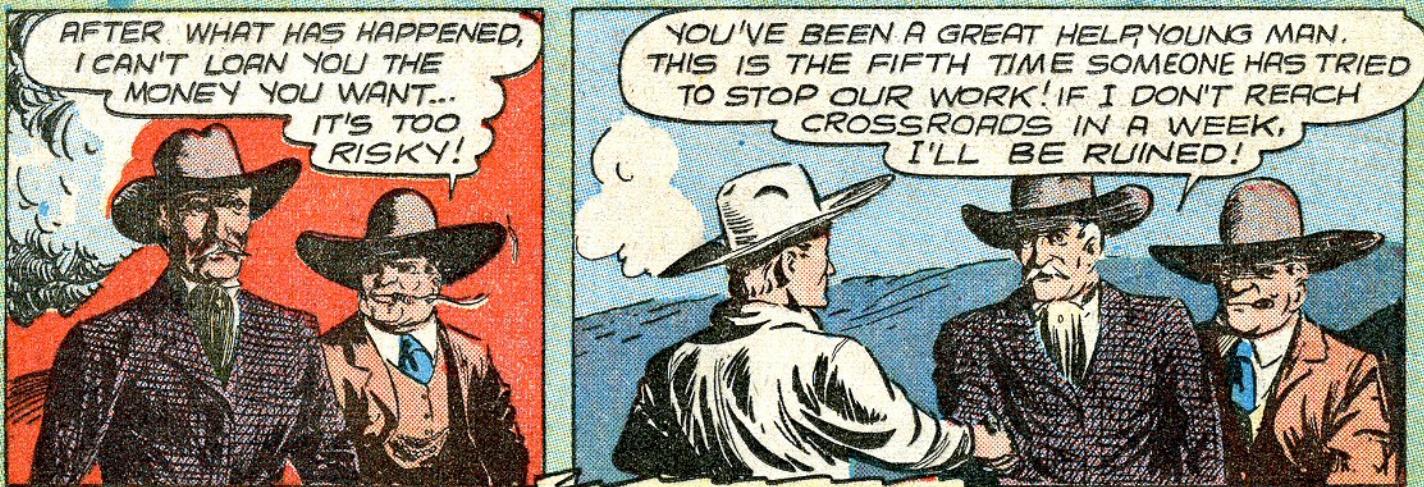
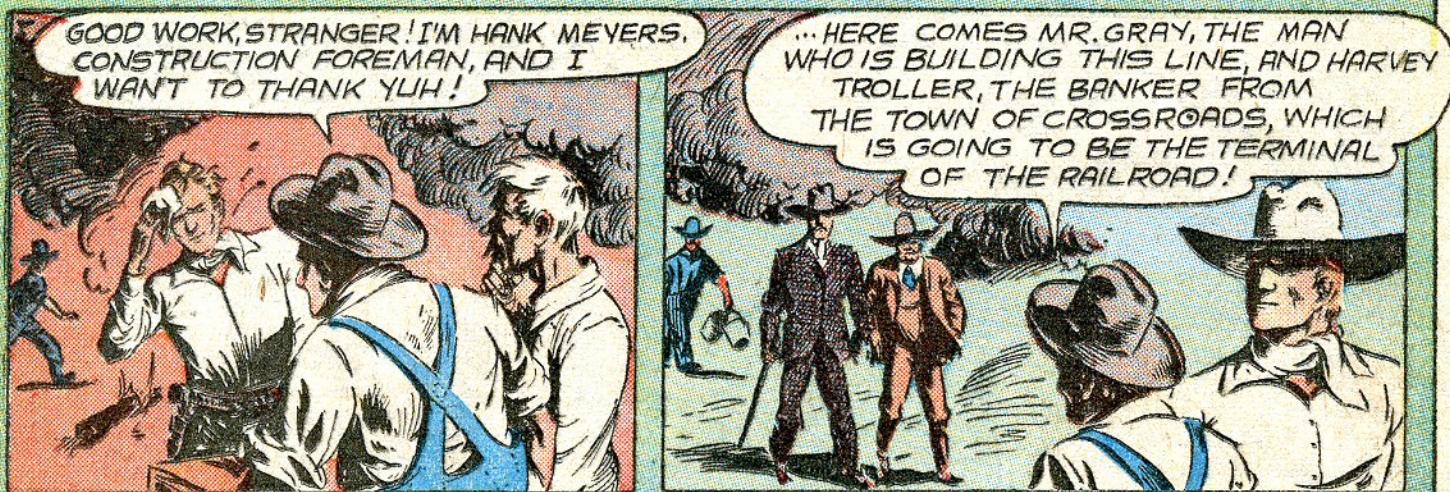
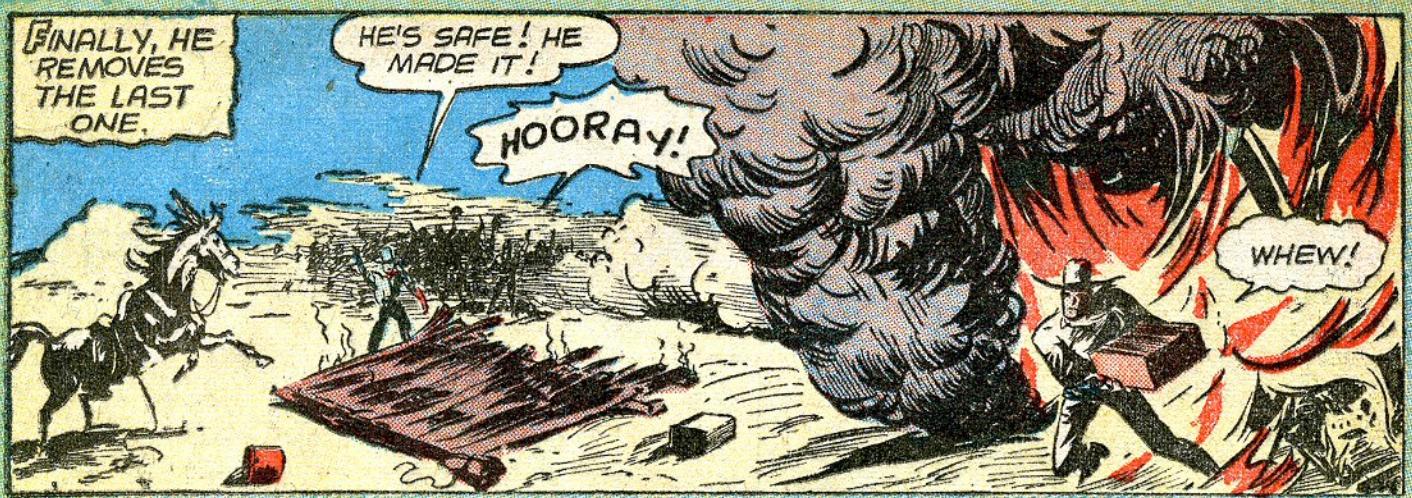
The WHITE RIDER and **SUPER HORSE**

AS THE STEEL TRAILS OF THE IRON HORSE WOUND THEIR WAY WESTWARD, PREPARING THE WAY FOR CIVILIZATION, THERE WERE SOME SELFISH MEN WHO THOUGHT ONLY OF THEIR OWN GAIN. SUPERHORSE AND THE WHITE RIDER, WHO HAS COMPLETELY RECOVERED FROM HIS ACCIDENT, SHOW A BUNCH OF THESE HOMBRES THAT THEY CAN'T ESCAPE JUSTICE!

WOA, CLOUD!
WHAT'S THIS?







IN TROLLER'S
OFFICE...

THE RAILROAD WILL PUSH
CIVILIZATION FURTHER WEST.
IT WILL BRING LAW AND ORDER
TO CROSSROADS, AND I IN-
TEND TO SEE IT
REACH HERE
ON TIME!

YES! I HOLD MORTGAGES ON
NEIGHBOURING RANCHES. IF THE
RANCHERS CAN'T SHIP THEIR CATTLE
SOON, THEY CAN'T PAY ME... I TAKE OVER
THE RANCHES, GRAY GOES BROKE... I'LL
COMPLETE THE RAILROAD AND
OWN THE
WORKS!

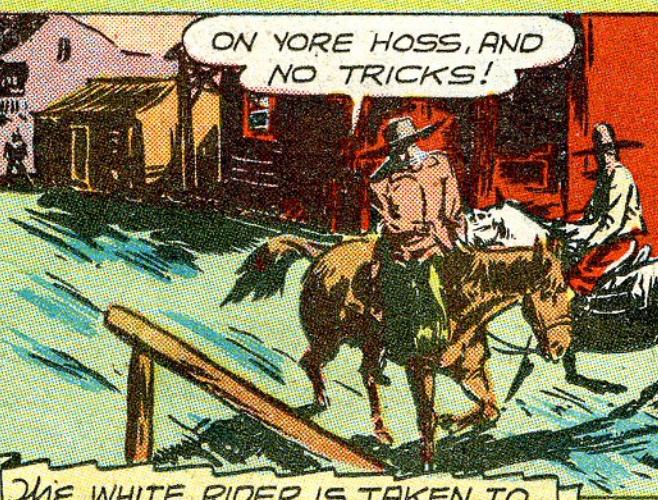
THE RAILROAD
WON'T REACH HERE
UNTIL I WANT
IT TO!

WHY
YOU...

WE'LL MEET
AGAIN,
TROLLER!

THAT'S WHAT
YOU THINK!

GET RID OF
HIM, BOYS!



THE WHITE RIDER IS TAKEN TO
THE GUNMEN'S CAMP!

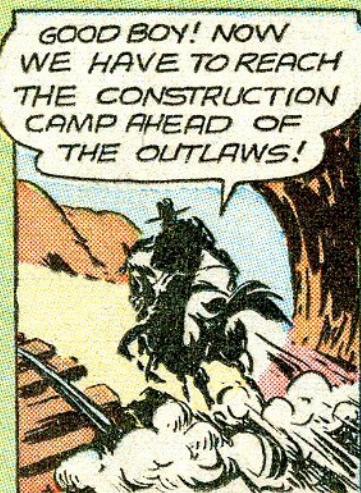
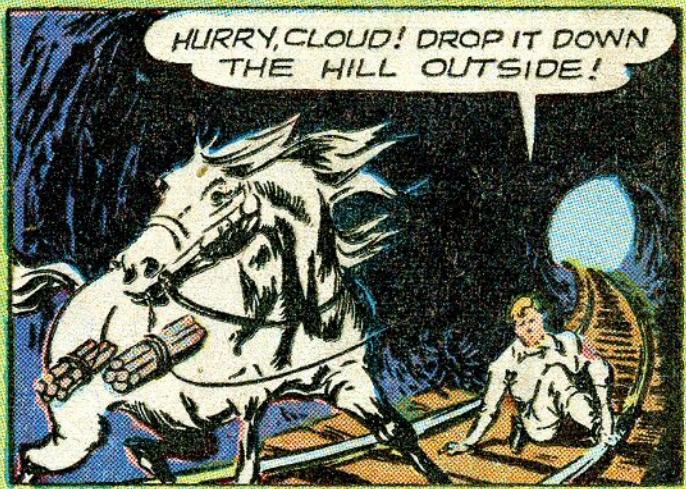
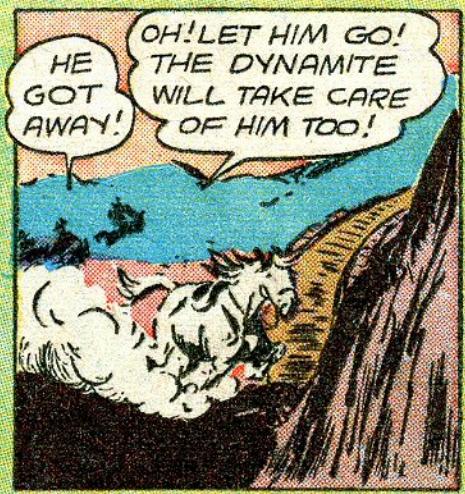
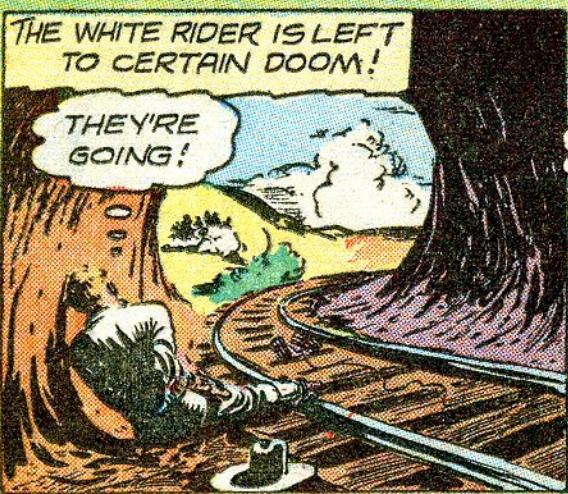
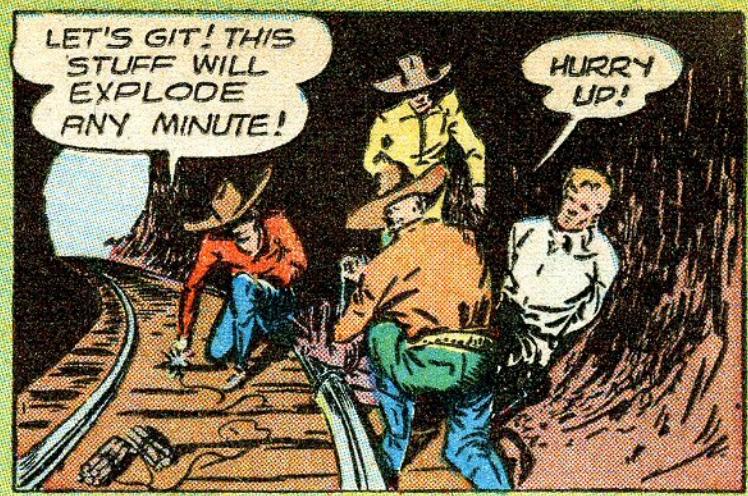
WHAT'CHA
GOT
THERE?

A PEST THET THE
BOSS WANTS
SWATTED!

WE'RE GOIN' TO BLOW UP THE ROAD'S
TUNNEL, THEN RAID THE CON-
STRUCTION CAMP!

RIGHT!
I GET
YOU!





HERE WE ARE, AND THERE'S BANKER TROLLER. BET HE CAME HERE TO HAVE AN ALIBI WHEN THE CAMP IS RAIDED!

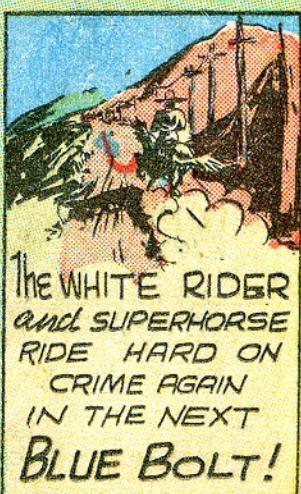
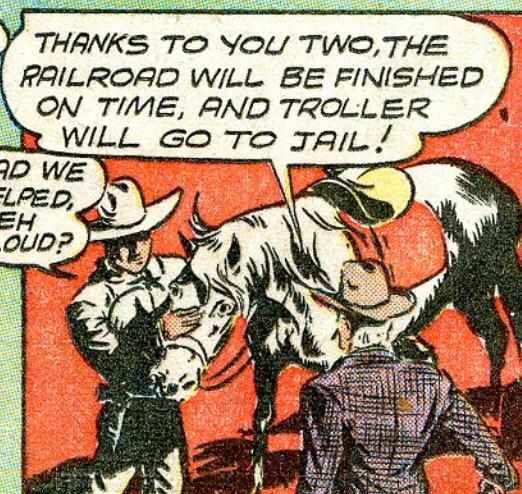
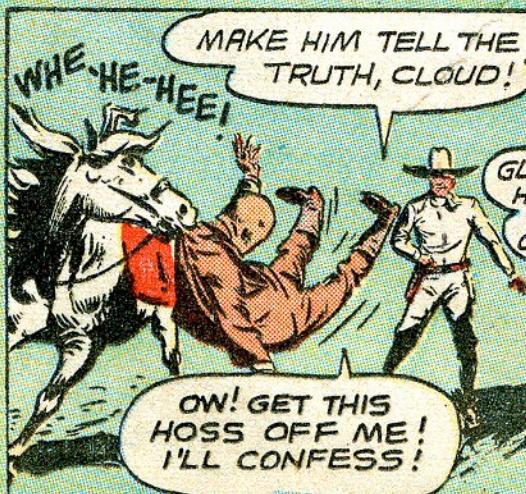
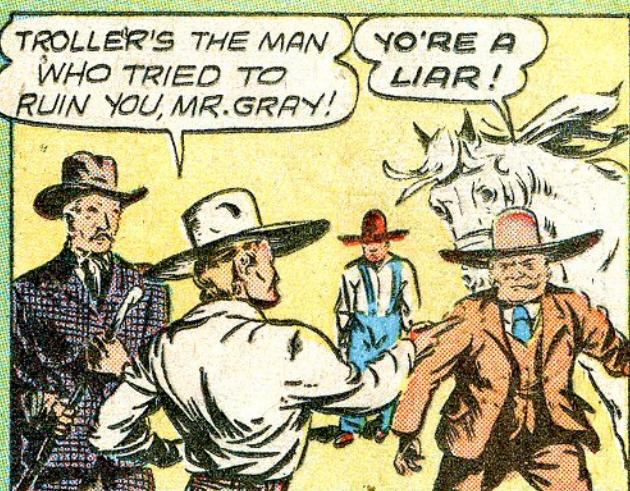
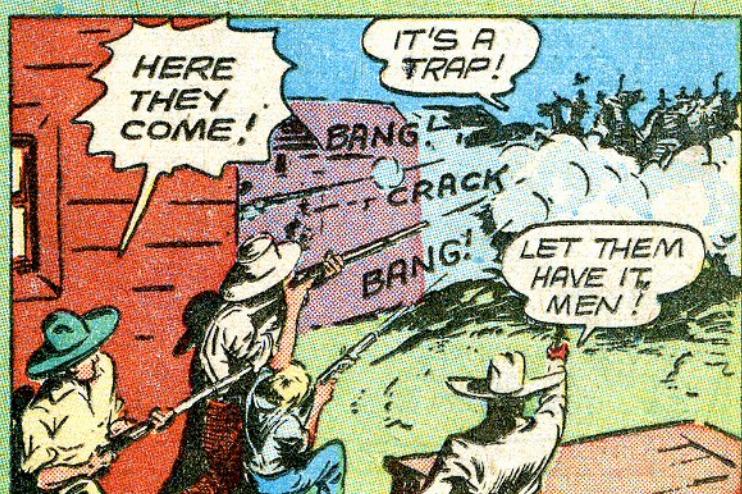
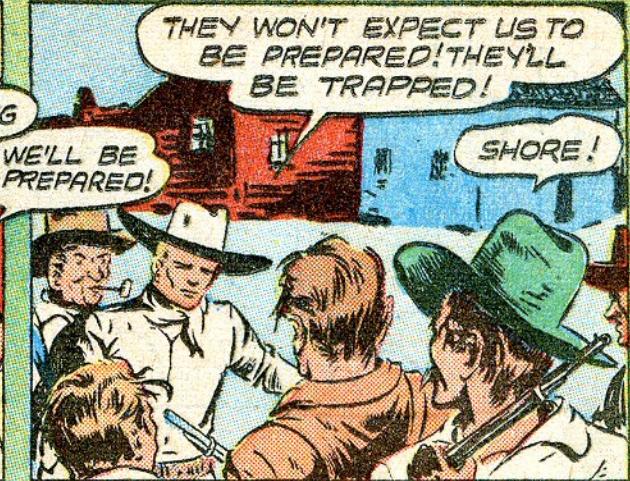
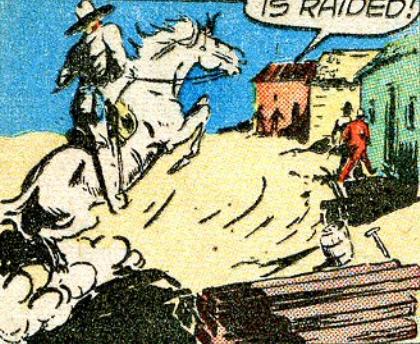
RIDER FINDS THE FOREMAN...

...AND THEY'RE COMING HERE NOW TO RAID THE CAMP!

WE'LL BE PREPARED!

THEY WON'T EXPECT US TO BE PREPARED! THEY'LL BE TRAPPED!

SHORE!



the PHANTOM SUB

by F.C.S.

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE IN WASHINGTON IS ALL AFLUTTER, FOR TO THEM HAS FALLEN A GREAT RESPONSIBILITY. THE GOVERNOR OF THE MAHATMAS ISLANDS, WHO IS A VERY IMPORTANT FIGURE IN ONE OF THE GREAT DEMOCRACIES FIGHTING FOR ITS WAY OF LIFE, IS TO MAKE A VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES! IT IS THE NAVY'S TASK TO SEE THAT THE GOVERNOR GETS SAFE TRANSPORTATION FROM THE ISLAND TO THE UNITED STATES-- BECAUSE OF THE SITUATION IN EUROPE. NAVAL INTELLIGENCE PLANS TO SAFEGUARD AGAINST ANY EMERGENCY...

THE GOVERNOR OF THE MAHATMAS AND HIS WIFE ARE TO BE CARRIED TO THE MAINLAND IN A NAVAL BOMBER! EVERY ARM OF THE ATLANTIC FLEET MUST BE CALLED INTO ACTION IF NECESSARY!

AYE, AYE,
SIR!

SHIPS OF THE ATLANTIC FLEET WILL PATROL THE WATERS BETWEEN THE MAHATMAS AND THE MAINLAND!

ALL COMBAT SQUADRONS OF PLANE CARRIER 2 WILL ACT AS AERIAL CONVOY FOR BOMBER CARRYING GOVERNOR AND WIFE! PLANE CARRIER 2 WILL PROCEED AT ONCE TO WATERS OFF THE MAHATMAS!

CALLING THE PHANTOM SUB...
SOMEWHERE IN SOUTH AMERICAN
WATERS! REPORT TO U.S. PLANE
CARRIER 2! URGENT!

THE MESSAGE CRACKLES THROUGH THE ETHER ACROSS THE WATERS TO A SMALL SOUTH AMERICAN PORT WHERE IT IS RECEIVED BY THE PHANTOM CREW --

BUT

GEE, JACK, SLIM'S NOWHERE TO BE FOUND!

WHAT? YOU'VE GOT TO FIND HIM! WE LEAVE IN A FEW MINUTES!

SEARCH EVERY PLACE FOR HIM! ... AND MAKE IT SNAPPY!

RIGHT, JACK! WE'LL GET HIM!

MEANWHILE, SLIM IS LOST IN THE INTRICACIES OF A NATIVE TARPON NET...

YOU SEE, SLEEM, WE TWIST THE WIRE OVER LIKE THEES, AND THEN FASTEN IT!

YEAH, I SEE, BUT I'M ALL THUMBS WHEN I TRY TO DO IT!

SLIM'S REVERIE IS INTERRUPTED AS ONE OF THE CREW FINDS HIM --

... JACK SAYS TO HURRY!

GEE WHIZ, JUST WHEN I WAS LEARNING TO REPAIR ONE OF THESE NETS!

WHY DON'T YOU TAKE THE NET WITH YOU, SLEEM?

YOU MEAN... I CAN TAKE IT TO PRACTICE ON? -- GEE, THANK'S ALVAREZ, THANK'S LOADS!

COME ON, SLIM!

SO, WITH ALL ABOARD, THE PHANTOM SUB TAKES TO THE AIR -- ITS POWERFUL MOTORS CARRY IT QUICKLY TO ITS DESTINATION, U.S. AIRPLANE CARRIER #2 --

HERE WE ARE!
GOOD!

JACK AND SLIM GO ABOARD THE GREAT SHIP TO RECEIVE THEIR ORDERS...

WOW! IT'S LIKE LA GUARDIA FIELD ON PONTOONS!

WELCOME ABOARD! I WILL TAKE YOU TO COMMANDER EAGLES!

BECAUSE OF THE PHANTOM SUB'S ABILITY TO FLY IN HIGH ALTITUDES, YOUR JOB WILL BE TO PATROL THE STRATOSPHERE ABOVE 40,000 FEET! YOUR GREAT SPEED WILL ENABLE YOU TO CIRCLE ABOUT, AND YET REMAIN WITH THE AERIAL CONVOY!

...AND ARE TAKEN TO THE COMMANDER...

...I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU OF THE IMPORTANCE OF THIS MISSION - YOU REALIZE WHAT THE GOVERNOR OF THE MAHATMAS MEANS TO THAT GREAT DEMOCRACY.

WE'RE READY, SIR!

NOW, A HUGE NAVAL BOMBER CARRYING THE GOVERNOR OF THE MAHATMAS AND HIS WIFE, TAKES OFF FOR THEIR TRIP TO THE UNITED STATES -----

AND RISING TO MEET IT AS AN AERIAL CONVOY, GO THE SQUADRONS OF U.S. AIRPLANE CARRIER # 2 -



BUT MEANWHILE...

ON A SMALL UNINHABITED ISLAND NOT FAR AWAY, TWO SINISTER MEN HOVER OVER SOME STRANGE RADIO APPARATUS...

HURRY, ERRBRAUTEN, YOU SHOULD HAVE CONTACTED THEM BY NOW!

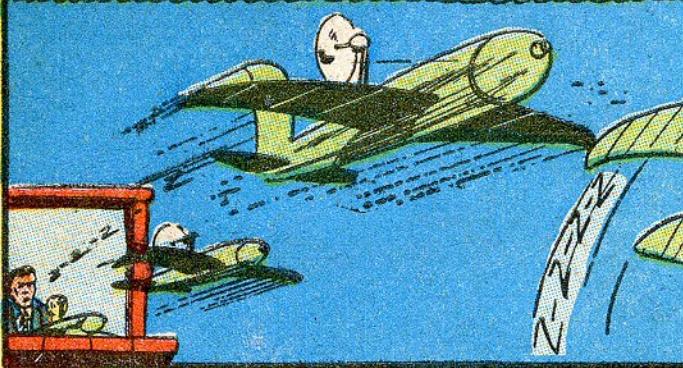
I'M TRYING, YA-YA! I'VE GOT THEM! PREPARE TO TAKE THEIR POSITION!

L7-42-14-- THAT'S IT! I WILL NOW TURN ON THE BEAM!

L7-42-14 CHECK! YA! SET IT - I AM READY FOR IT!



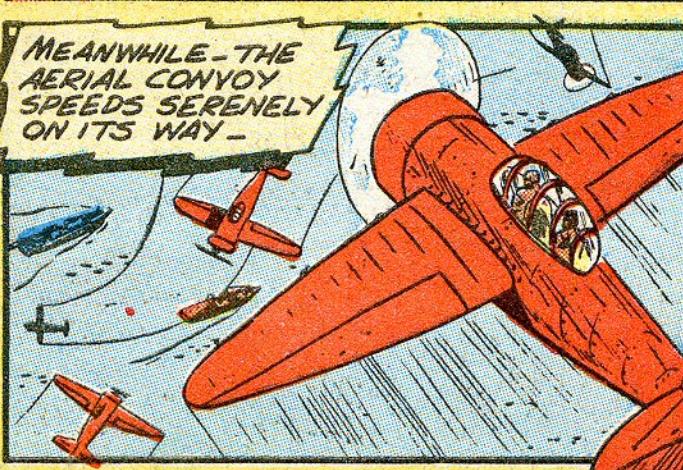
WHEN THE QUEER MECHANISMS ARE SET ON THE RAMP, THEY SEEM TO SHUDDER WITH LIFE, AND THEN SHOOT INTO THE AIR!



AS THOUGH DRAWN BY SOME FAR OFF MAGNETIC POLE, THEY SPEED OFF INTO THE BLUE -

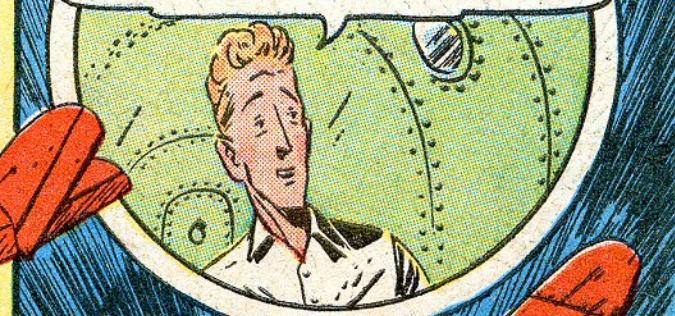


MEANWHILE - THE AERIAL CONVOY SPEEDS SERENELY ON ITS WAY -



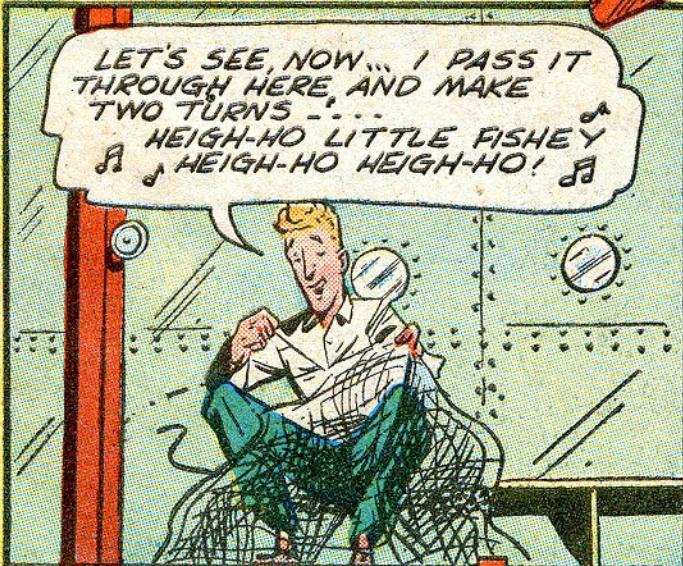
BUT HIGH ABOVE, IN THE PHANTOM SUB

GEE, THIS IS MONOTONOUS! I WISH I WAS BACK WITH MY FISHERMAN FRIEND ... SAY! THAT NET HE GAVE ME -- I CAN PRACTICE MENDING IT!



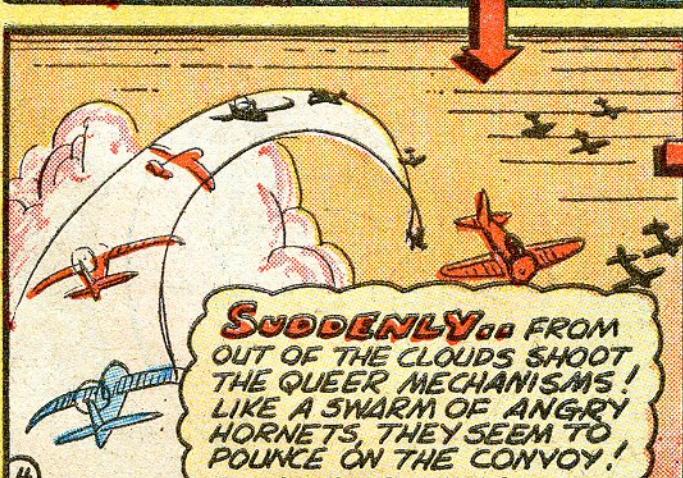
LET'S SEE, NOW ... I PASS IT THROUGH HERE, AND MAKE TWO TURNS -

HEIGH-HO LITTLE FISHEY
HEIGH-HO HEIGH-HO!



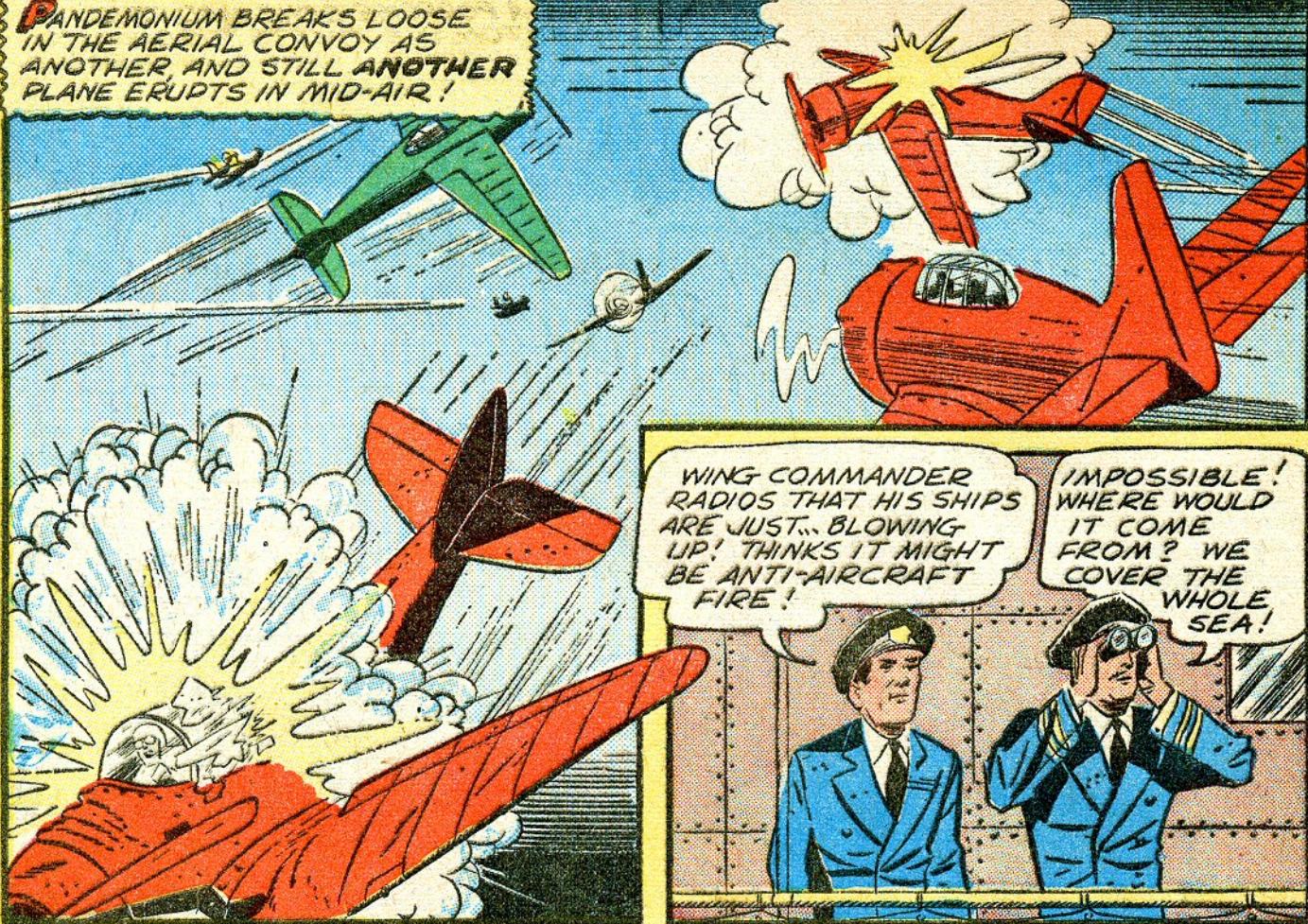
WHAM

SUDDENLY, FROM OUT OF THE CLOUDS SHOOT THE QUEER MECHANISMS! LIKE A SWARM OF ANGRY HORNETS, THEY SEEM TO POUNCE ON THE CONVOY!



then- A PURSUIT PLANE BURSTS INTO A THOUSAND PIECES, AS ONE OF THE FLYING UNITS MAKES A DIRECT HIT!

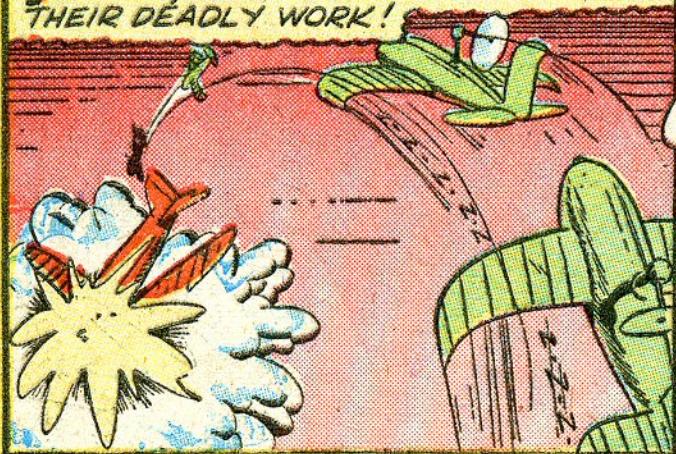
PANDEMOMIUM BREAKS LOOSE
IN THE AERIAL CONVOY AS
ANOTHER, AND STILL ANOTHER
PLANE ERUPTS IN MID-AIR!



WING COMMANDER
RADIOS THAT HIS SHIPS
ARE JUST... BLOWING
UP! THINKS IT MIGHT
BE ANTI-AIRCRAFT
FIRE!

IMPOSSIBLE!
WHERE WOULD
IT COME
FROM? WE
COVER THE
WHOLE
SEA!

THE TINY, POWERFUL UNITS CONTINUE
THEIR DEADLY WORK!



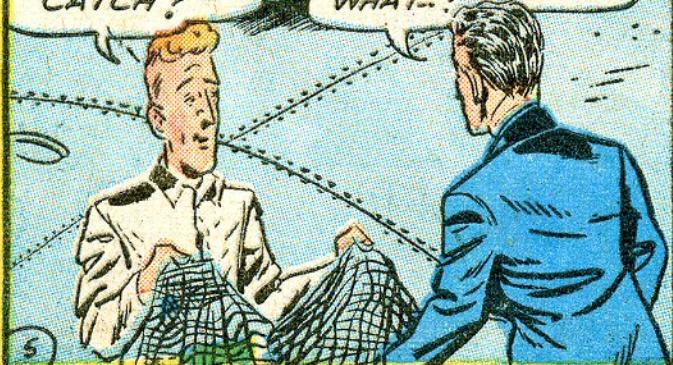
FROM THEIR VANTAGE POINT ABOVE,
THE PHANTOM CREW SPOTS THE
DEADLY MISSILES!

LOOK, JACK!
THERE'S WHAT'S
DOING IT!

IT'S SOME SORT
OF AN AERIAL
TORPEDO! BUT WE
CAN'T CATCH
THOSE
THINGS...

CATCH? FISH...
YOU CATCH FISH,
JACK.. CATCH!
CATCH?

WHAT'S THE
MATTER WITH YOU?
CATCH FISH?...
WHAT..?



I GET IT! THE NET! IT'S MADE
OF PLATINUM WIRE, AND STRONG
ENOUGH TO HOLD THEM! COME
ON! SWING OUT THE CLAW!



QUICKLY, THE SALVAGE CLAW IS SWUNG AROUND AND THE STRONG TARPOON NET IS SECURED TO IT!

LET ME HANDLE THE NET, JACK! IT WILL BE JUST LIKE FISHING!

OKAY, SLIM!

LIKE A PORPOISE GONE MAD, THE PHANTOM SUB TWISTS THROUGH THE AIR CATCHING THE DEADLY MISSILES!

HURRY! AFTER ANOTHER ONE!

THEN, AFTER A SHORT WHILE -
WHEW, I GUESS THAT'S THE LAST OF THEM!

NO! THERE'S ANOTHER ONE! AND IT'S HEADING RIGHT FOR THE BOMBER CARRYING THE GOVERNOR OF THE MAHATMAS!

WITH CAUTION THROWN TO THE FOUR WINDS, THE PHANTOM SUB HURLES DOWN THROUGH THE AIR!

JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME THE NET SNARES THE MISSILE, AND THE DANGER IS AVERTED.

LADY LUCK BE WITH US... THE FATE OF NATIONS HANGS ON THIS DIVE!

THE CONVOY RESUMES ITS FLIGHT, AND THE MAINLAND IS REACHED SAFELY!

WELCOME TO THE UNITED STATES, GOVERNOR!

WE'RE TRULY GLAD TO BE HERE!

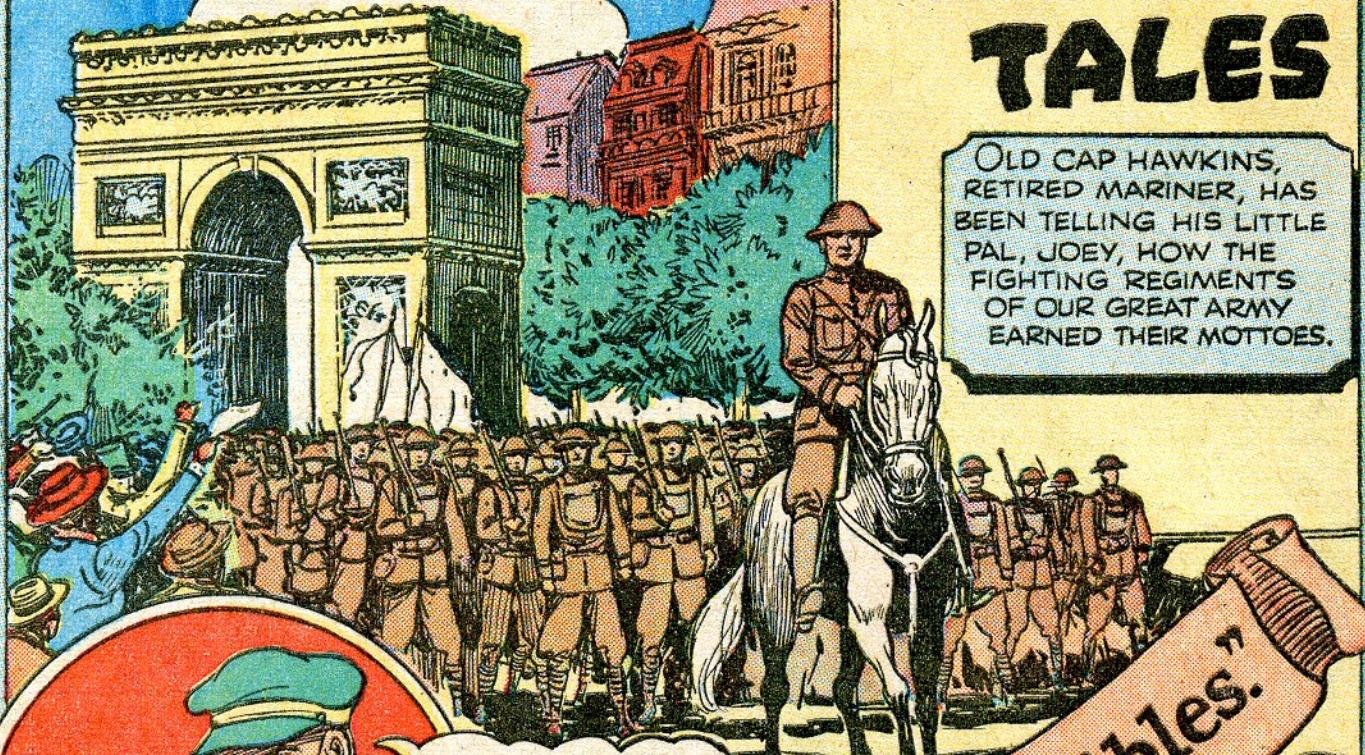
QUIET!

AN AERIAL TORPEDO, EH? YES, AS NEAR AS WE CAN FIGURE, A POWERFUL TRANSMITTER PROJECTS A BEAM TO WHAT IS TO BE HIT. THESE TORPEDOES ARE SET TO TRAVEL THE BEAM 'TIL THEY HIT SOMETHING! IF WE CAN ONLY FIND THAT BEAM AND TRACE IT...

WHAT NEW ADVENTURE WILL THE PHANTOM CREW FIND THEMSELVES IN AS THEY ATTEMPT TO TRACE THE DEADLY TORPEDOES IN NEXT MONTH'S **BLUE BOLT** ?? ? ? ? ? ?

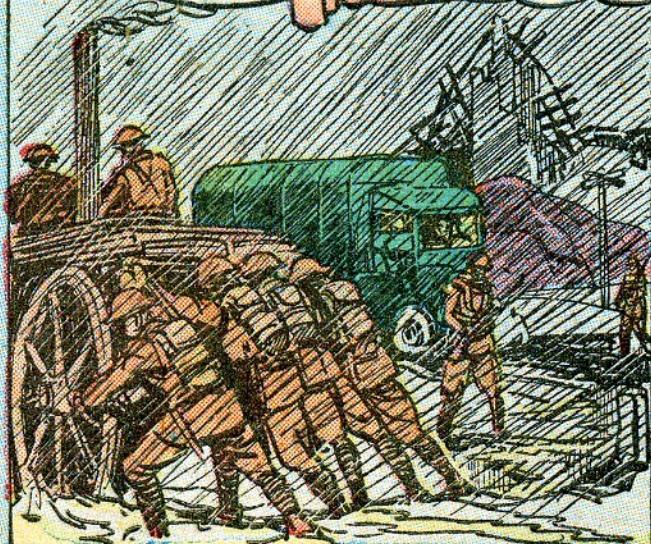
OLD CAP HAWKINS'

TALES



JOEY,
THE 127TH INFANTRY
EARNED THEIR MOTTO
IN SOME OF THE MOST
VICIOUS FIGHTING IN
WORLD WAR I.
- HERE'S WHY THEY
WERE CALLED...

"Les Terribles."

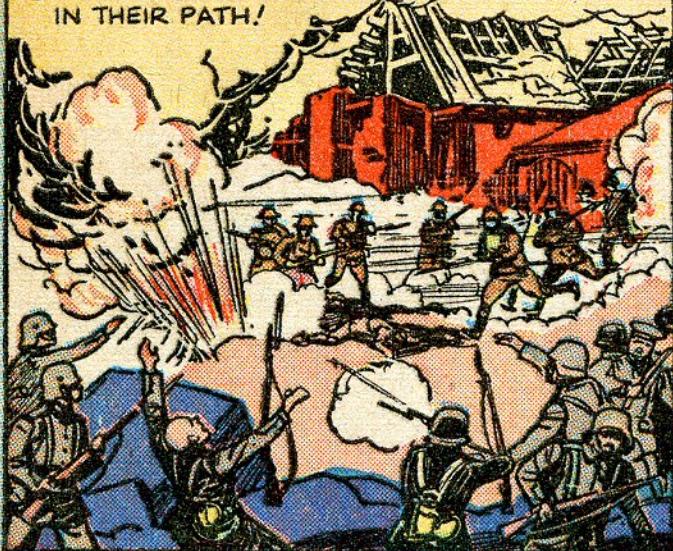


THE 127TH ARRIVED AT THE FRONT IN
A TEEMING RAIN. THE ROAD WAS SO BAD
THEY PRACTICALLY HAD TO CARRY THE WAGONS!

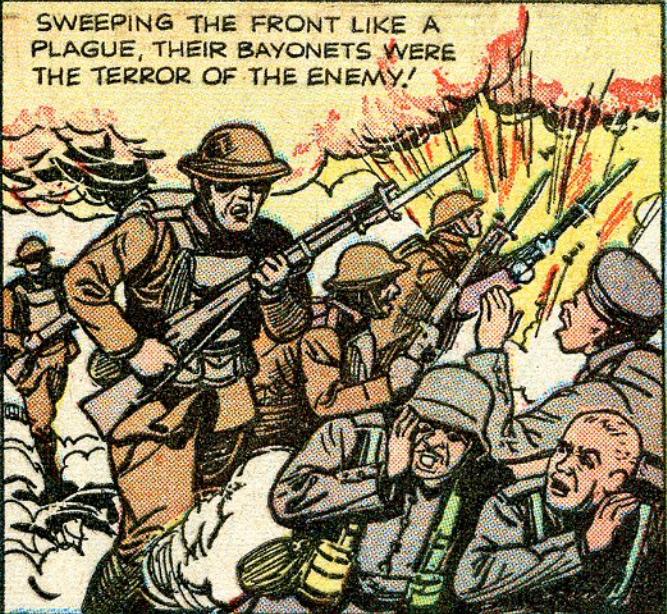


UNDER FIRE FROM THE START, THE MEN
WERE ANXIOUS TO SHOW THEIR STUFF!

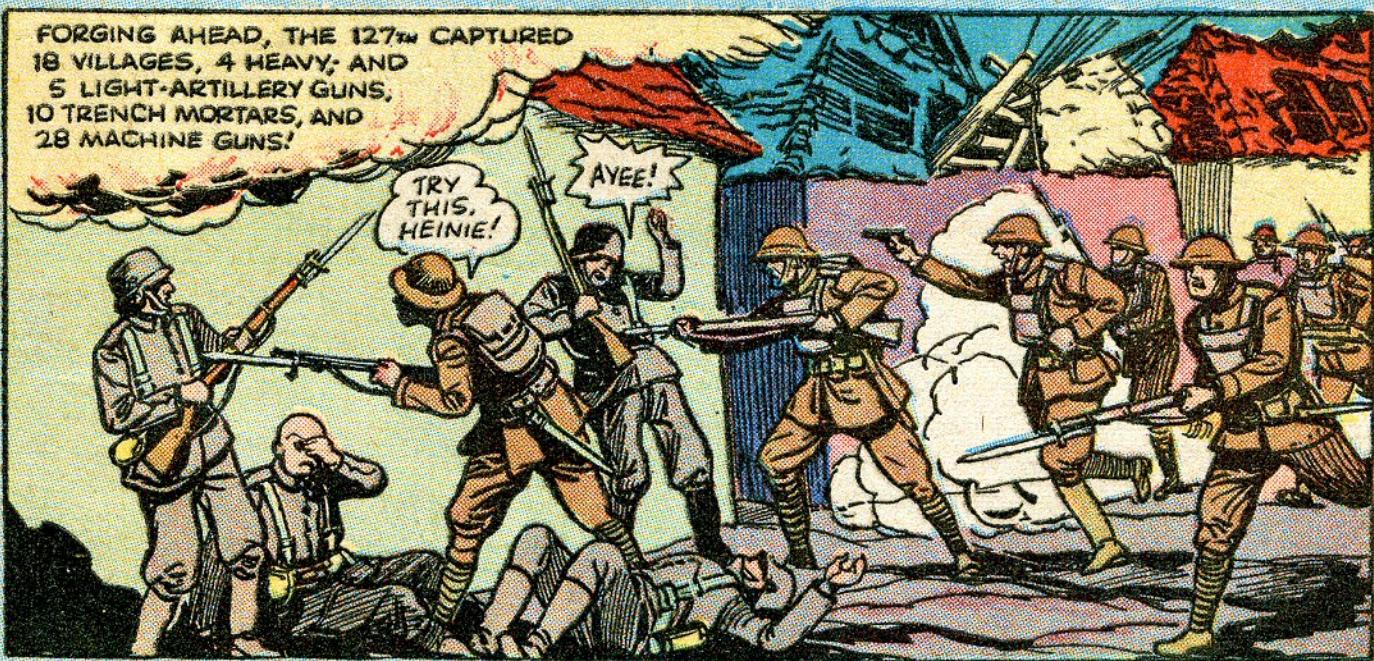
THE TIME SOON CAME! ADVANCING, THE YANKS CLEARED OUT EVERYTHING IN THEIR PATH!



SWEEPING THE FRONT LIKE A PLAGUE, THEIR BAYONETS WERE THE TERROR OF THE ENEMY!



FORGING AHEAD, THE 127TH CAPTURED 18 VILLAGES, 4 HEAVY, AND 5 LIGHT-ARTILLERY GUNS, 10 TRENCH MORTARS, AND 28 MACHINE GUNS!



THE ENEMY SENT FOR CRACK TROOPS TO CHECK THE AMERICANS.



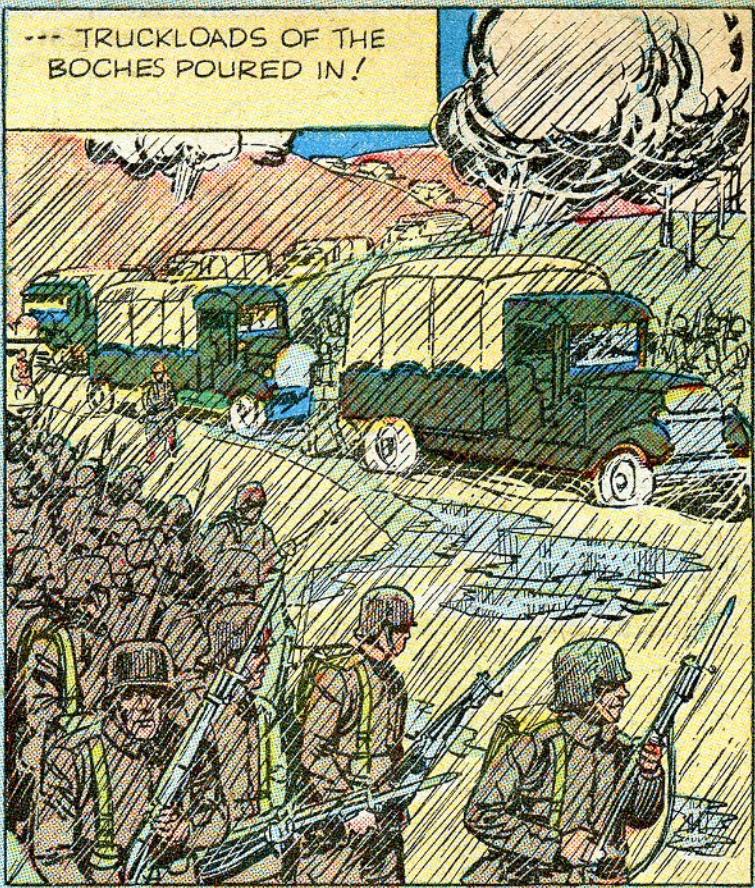
BUT THE YANKS WIPE THEM OUT COMPLETELY!



A HURRY CALL FOR TWO GERMAN DIVISIONS WENT IN, AND ---

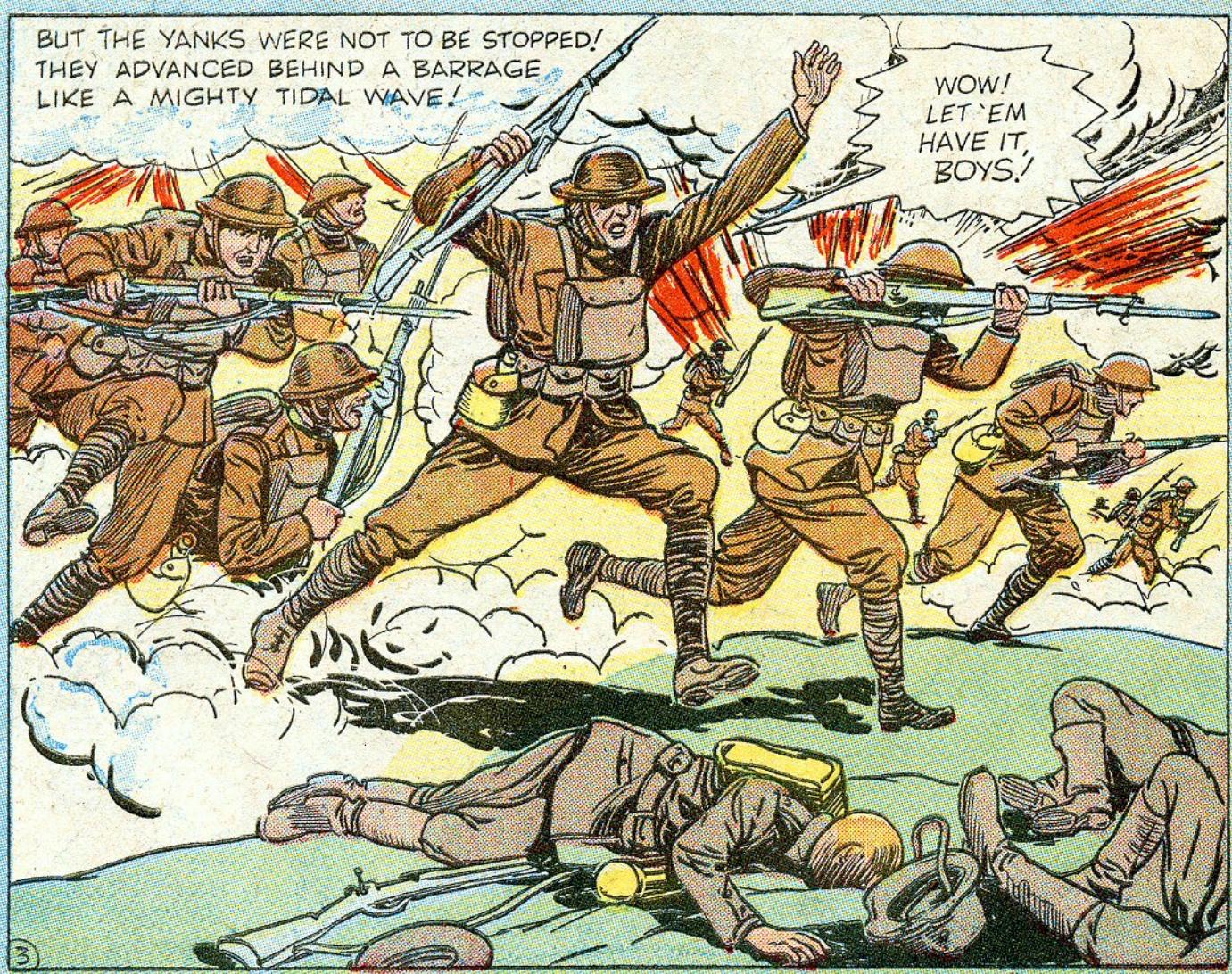
SEND TWO DIVISIONS QUICKLY!
THEY ARE DESTROYING US!

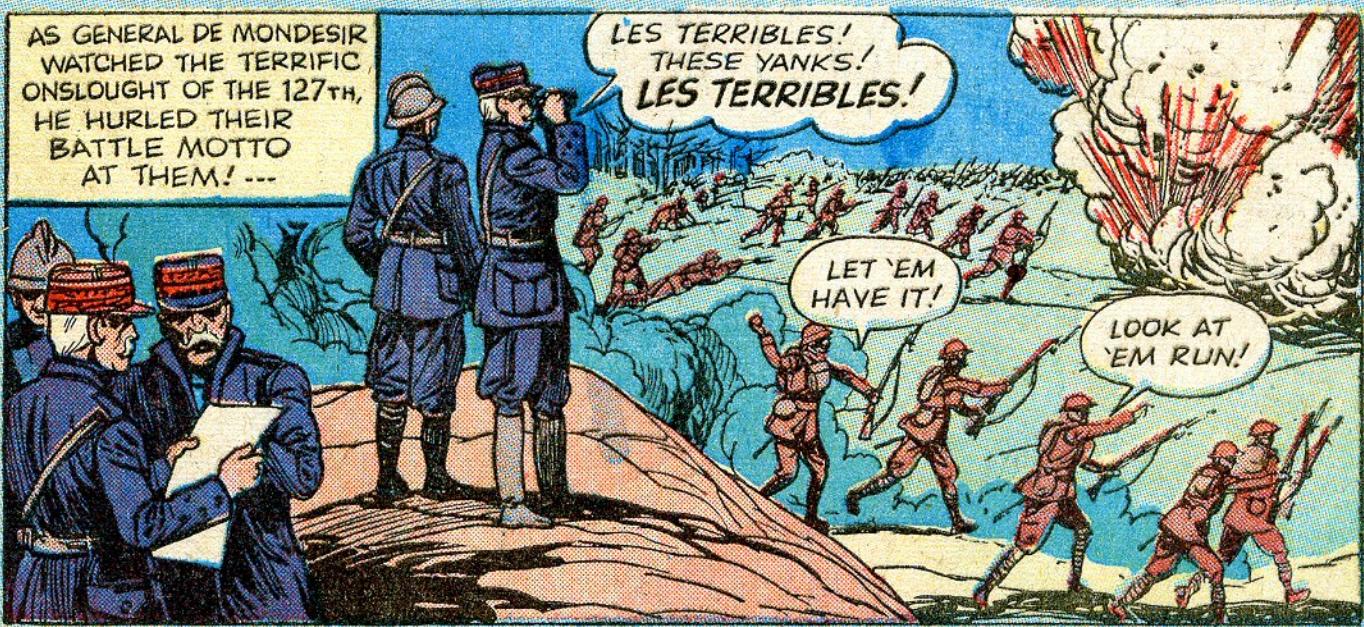
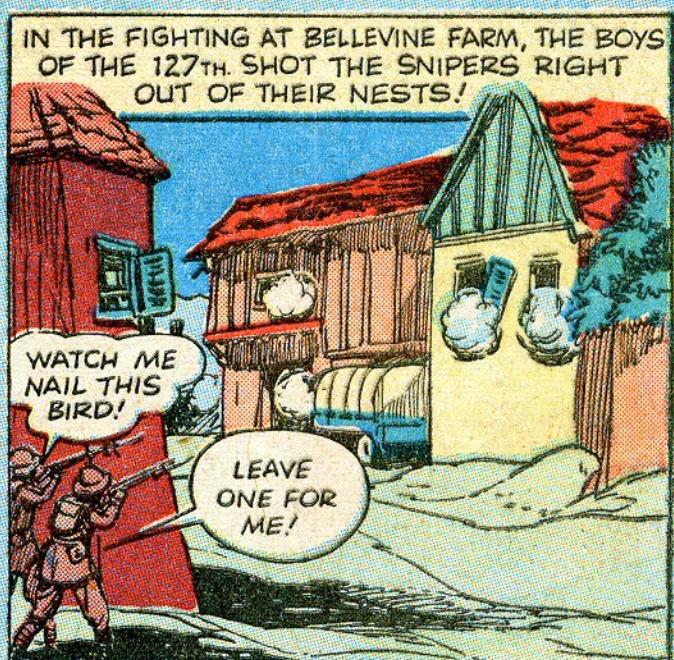
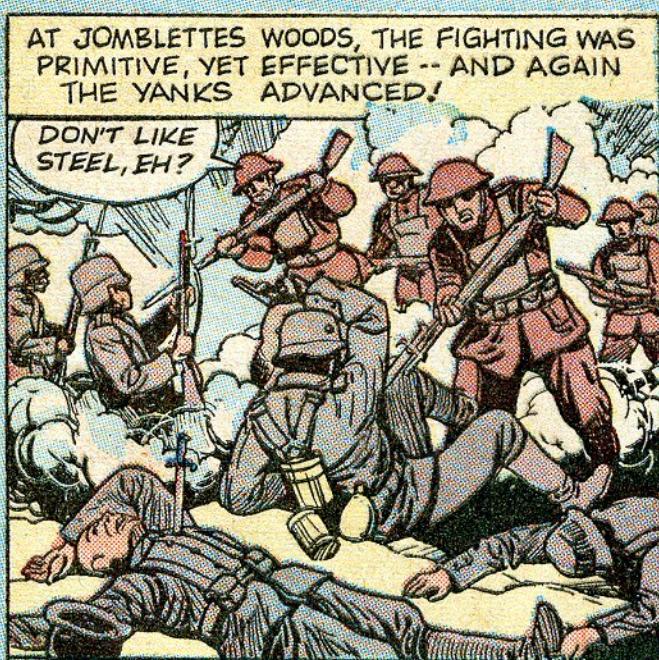
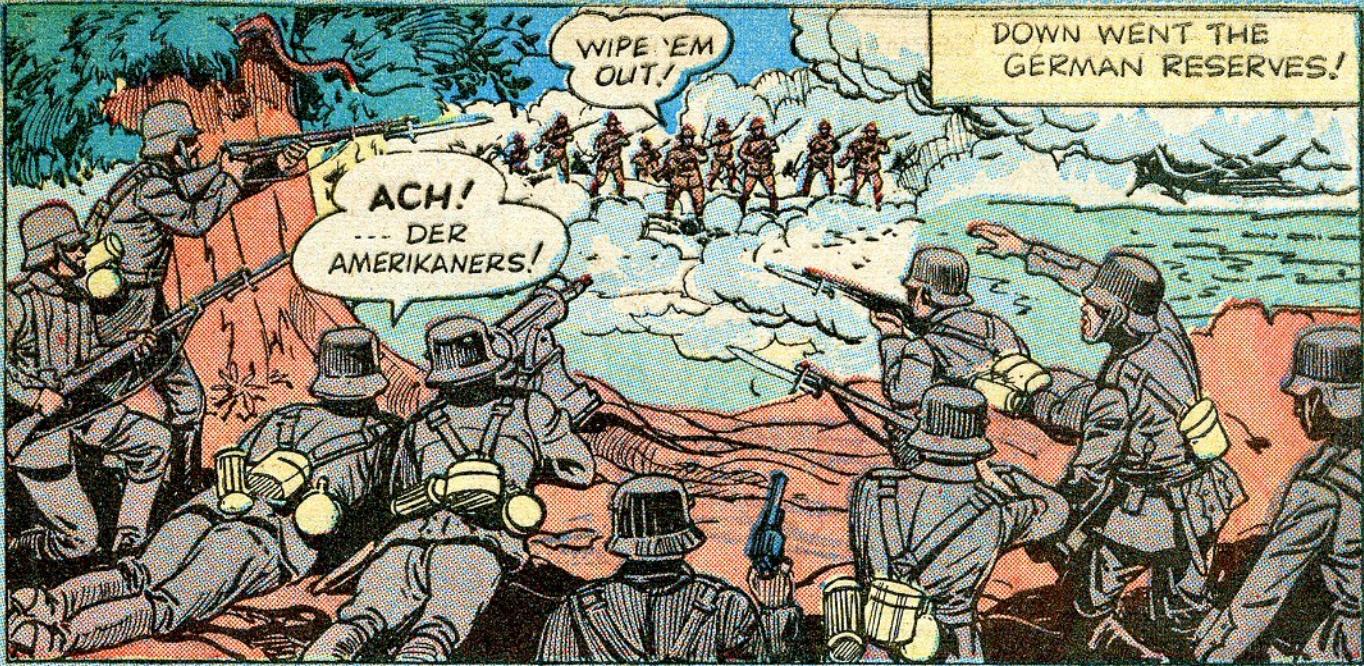
--- TRUCKLOADS OF THE BOCHES POURED IN!



BUT THE YANKS WERE NOT TO BE STOPPED!
THEY ADVANCED BEHIND A BARRAGE
LIKE A MIGHTY TIDAL WAVE!

WOW!
LET 'EM HAVE IT,
BOYS!





BLUE BOLT

THE AMERICAN

WE SHOULD'A
DONE THIS
LONG
AGO!

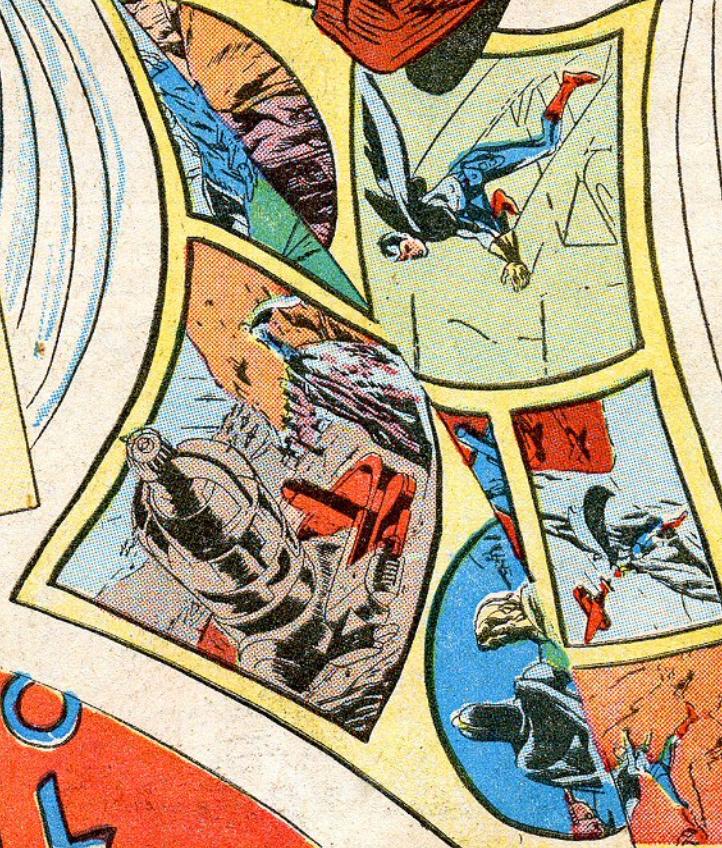
WE'LL
FIX 'IM
GOOD!

WE'LL GRAB THAT
BLUE BOLT
ON HIS OWN
STAMPING GROUNDS!

YEAH!
BEFORE HE
COMES AFTER
US!

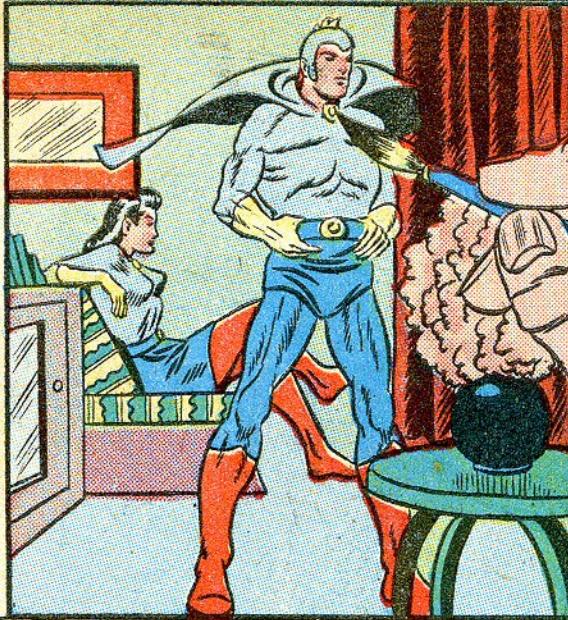
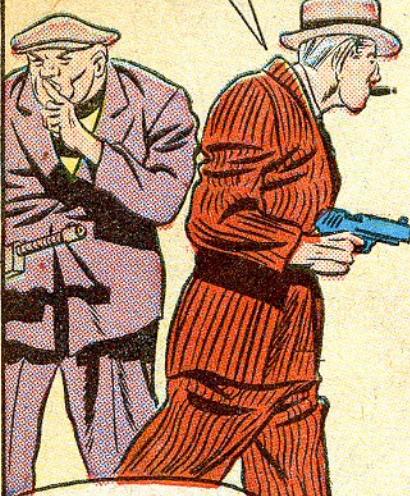
JOEY
THE
FINK FRANK
THE
TORP FITZY
JIM

THE THUGS OF GANGLAND
START OUT TO NAIL
BLUE BOLT IN HIS OWN LAIR,
BUT **BLUE BOLT** STUFFS THE
PANELS IN THEIR TEETH AND
MAKES THEM LIKE IT!



THERE HE IS NOW!
GETTING THE FINISHING
TOUCHES PUT ON HIM!

OKAY,
BLUE BOLT!
YOU'RE ALL
SET!

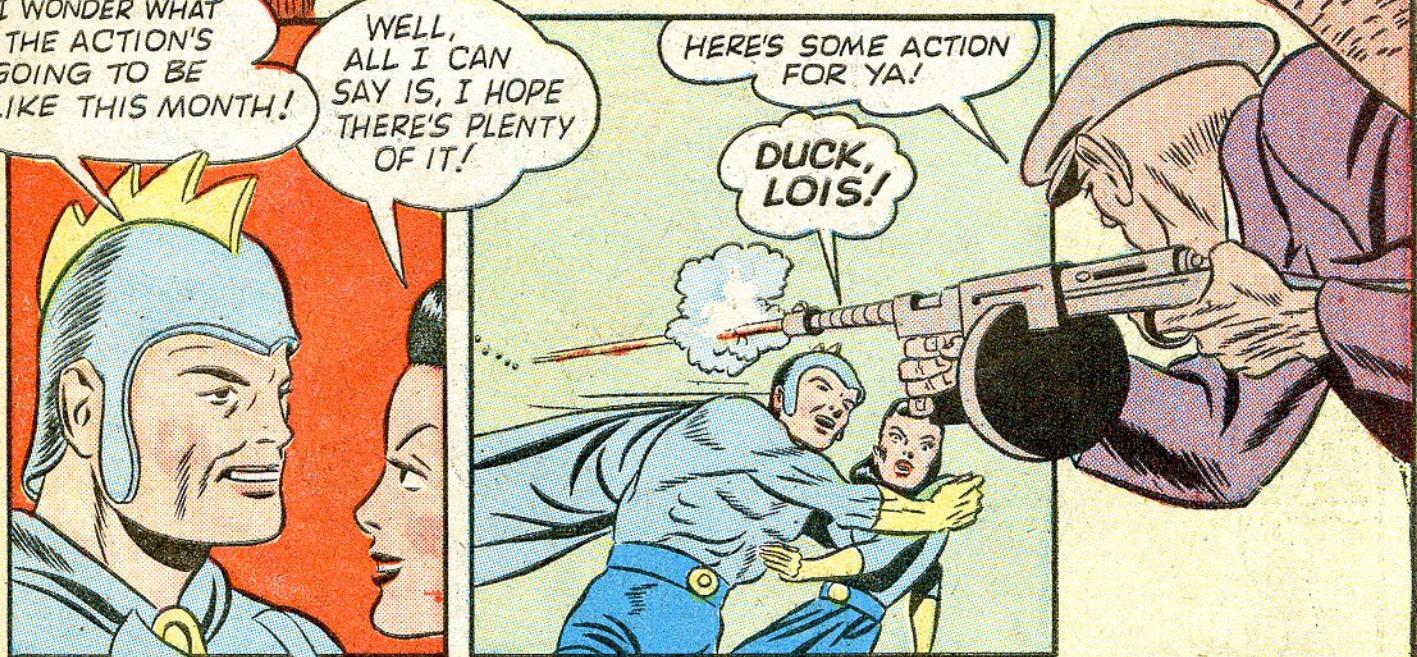


I WONDER WHAT
THE ACTION'S
GOING TO BE
LIKE THIS MONTH!

WELL,
ALL I CAN
SAY IS, I HOPE
THERE'S PLENTY
OF IT!

HERE'S SOME ACTION
FOR YA!

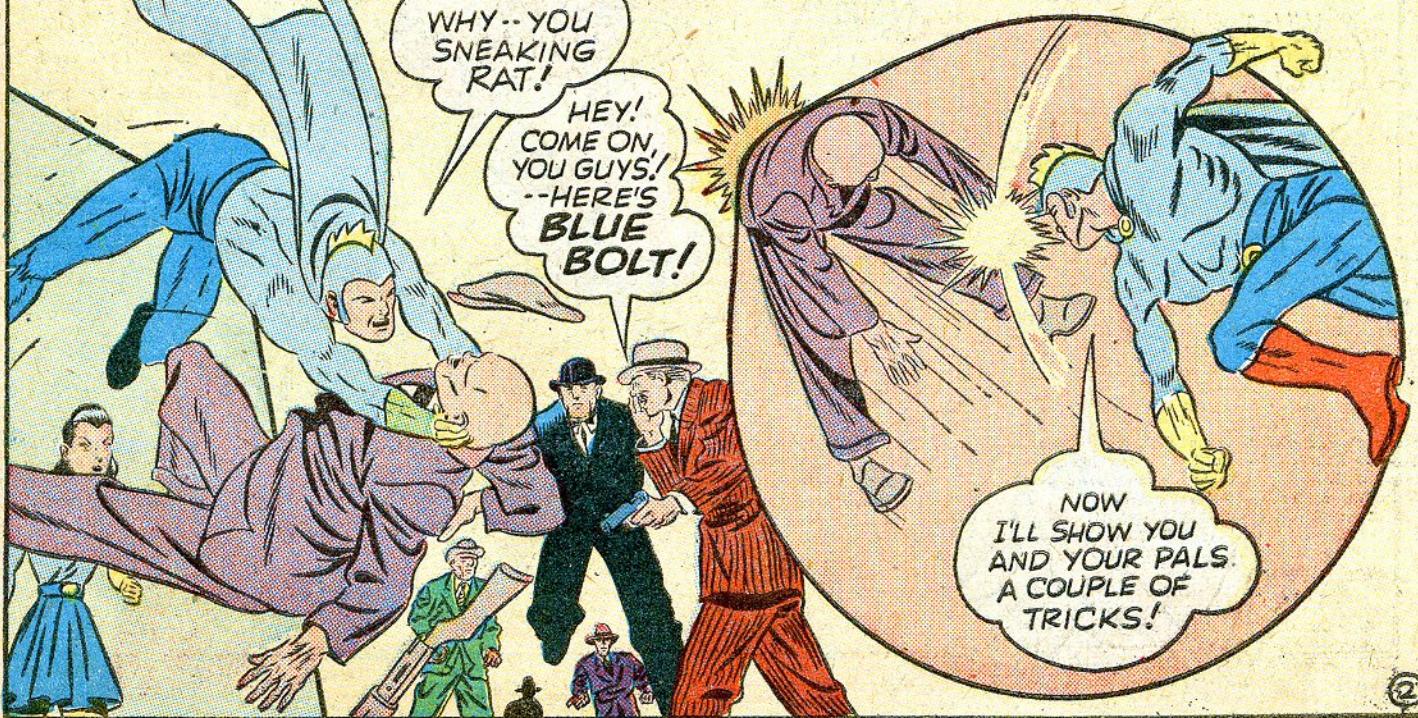
DUCK,
LOIS!



WHY--YOU
SNEAKING
RAT!

HEY!
COME ON,
YOU GUYS!
--HERE'S
**BLUE
BOLT!**

NOW
I'LL SHOW YOU
AND YOUR PALS
A COUPLE OF
TRICKS!



GRAB 'IM!
PUNCH 'IM!
SHOOT 'IM DOWN!
OOF!

THAT'LL TAKE
THE SHINE OFF
YOUR DOME!

LOOK AT THEM RUN!
I'LL JUST TIE THIS
ROPE ON HERE AND
MAKE A LASO OUT
OF THIS CIRCULAR
PANEL!

HEY! WAIT
FOR ME! I'M
LEAVING TOO!

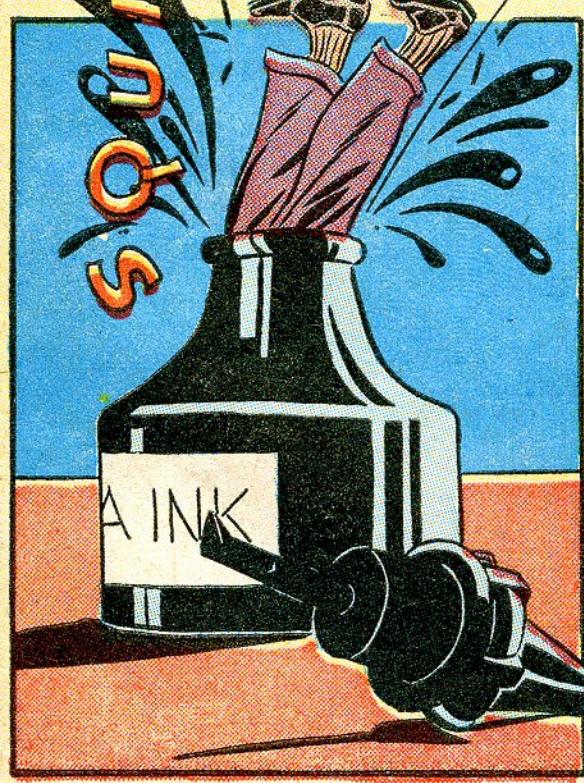
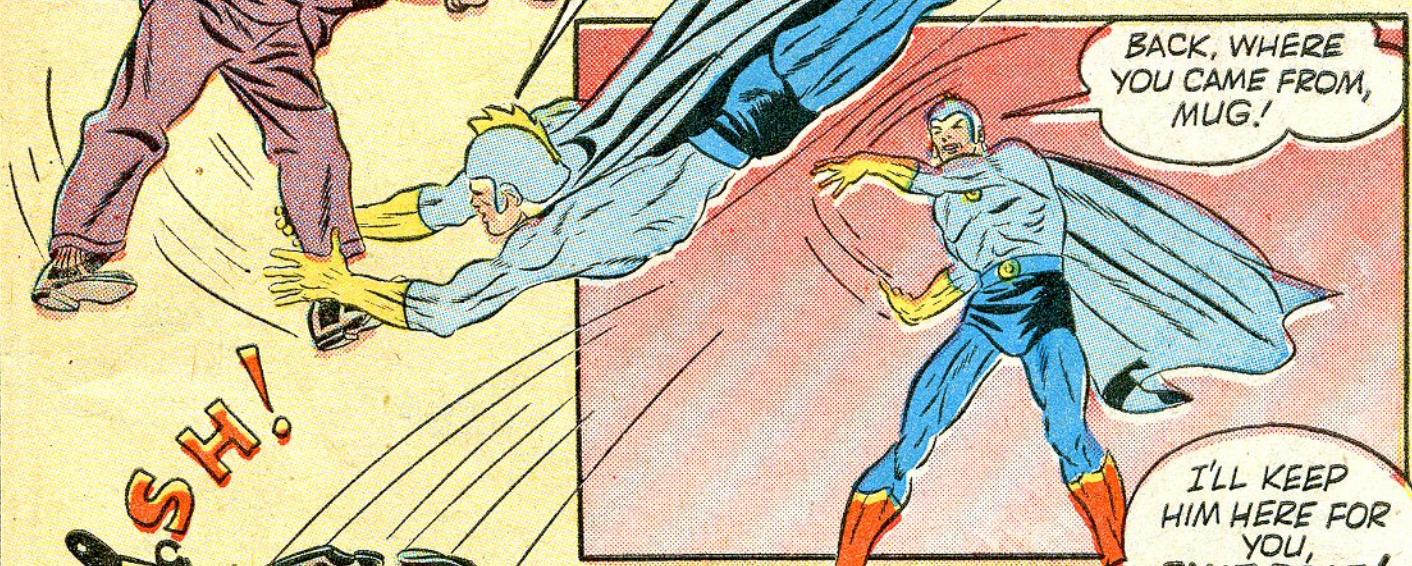
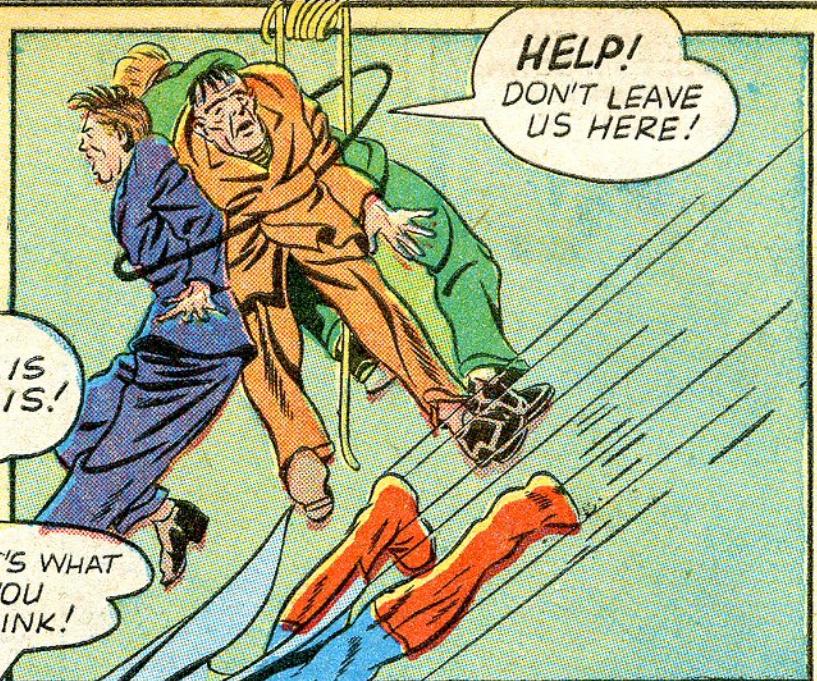
COWBOY STUFF!
-BLUE BOLT
STYLE!

HERE'S
ONE,
BOLTIE!

WHAT SIZE
COLLAR DID
YOU SAY YOU
WEAR?

WHAT
THE...!

HUH!



HI, LOIS! -- SEE' A GUY COME THROUGH THIS PAGE?

HERE HE COMES NOW, BOLTIE!

WHAT IS THIS? THAT **BLUE BOLT** IS EVERYWHERE?

LET'S ROLL UP THE RUG AND REALLY GET INTO THIS!

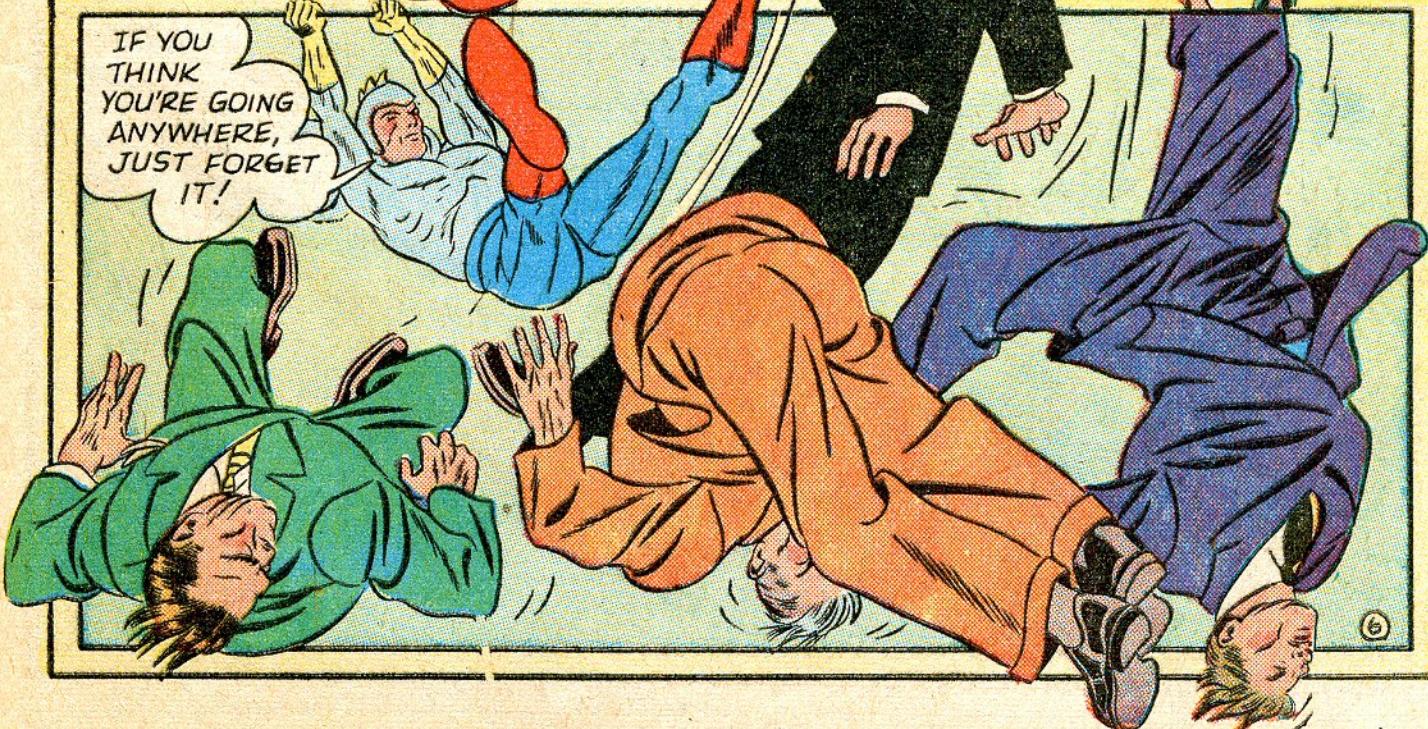
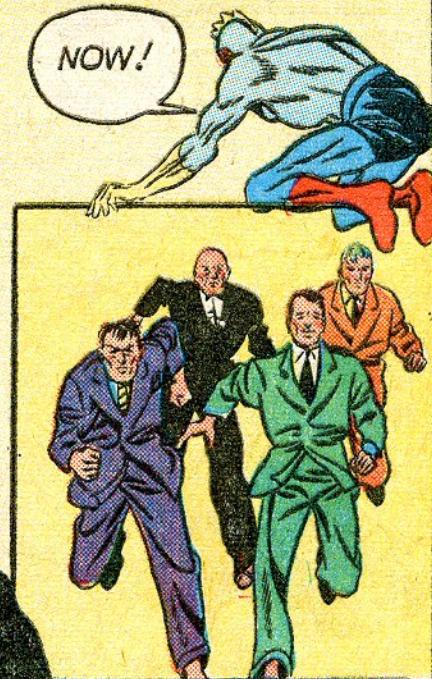
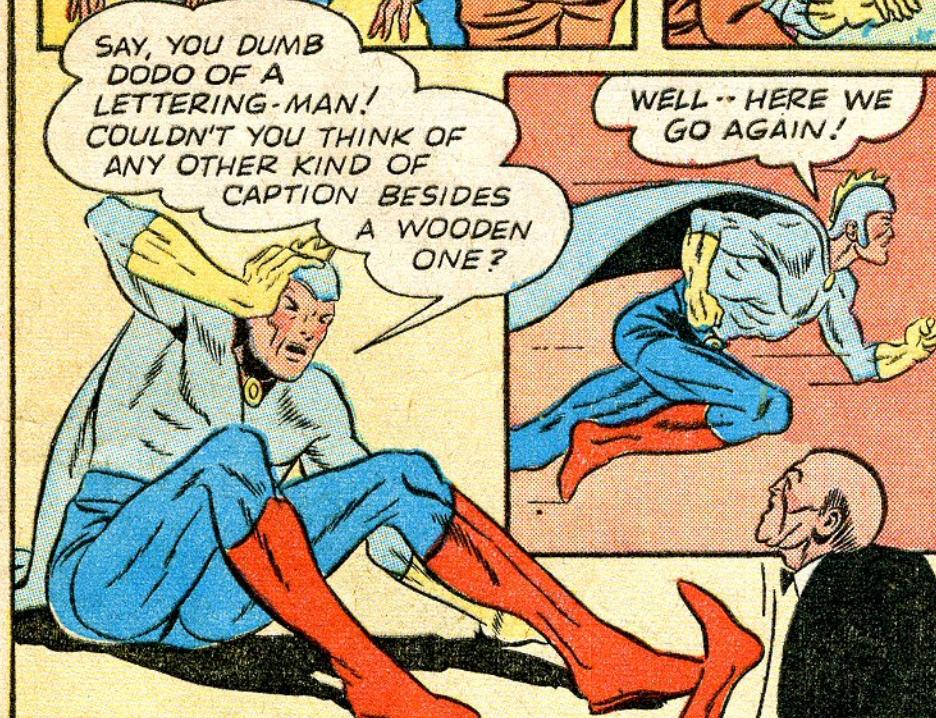
VERY CONVENIENT PANEL YOU LANDED IN, MY CROOKED FRIEND!

OOOH! WHAT NOW?

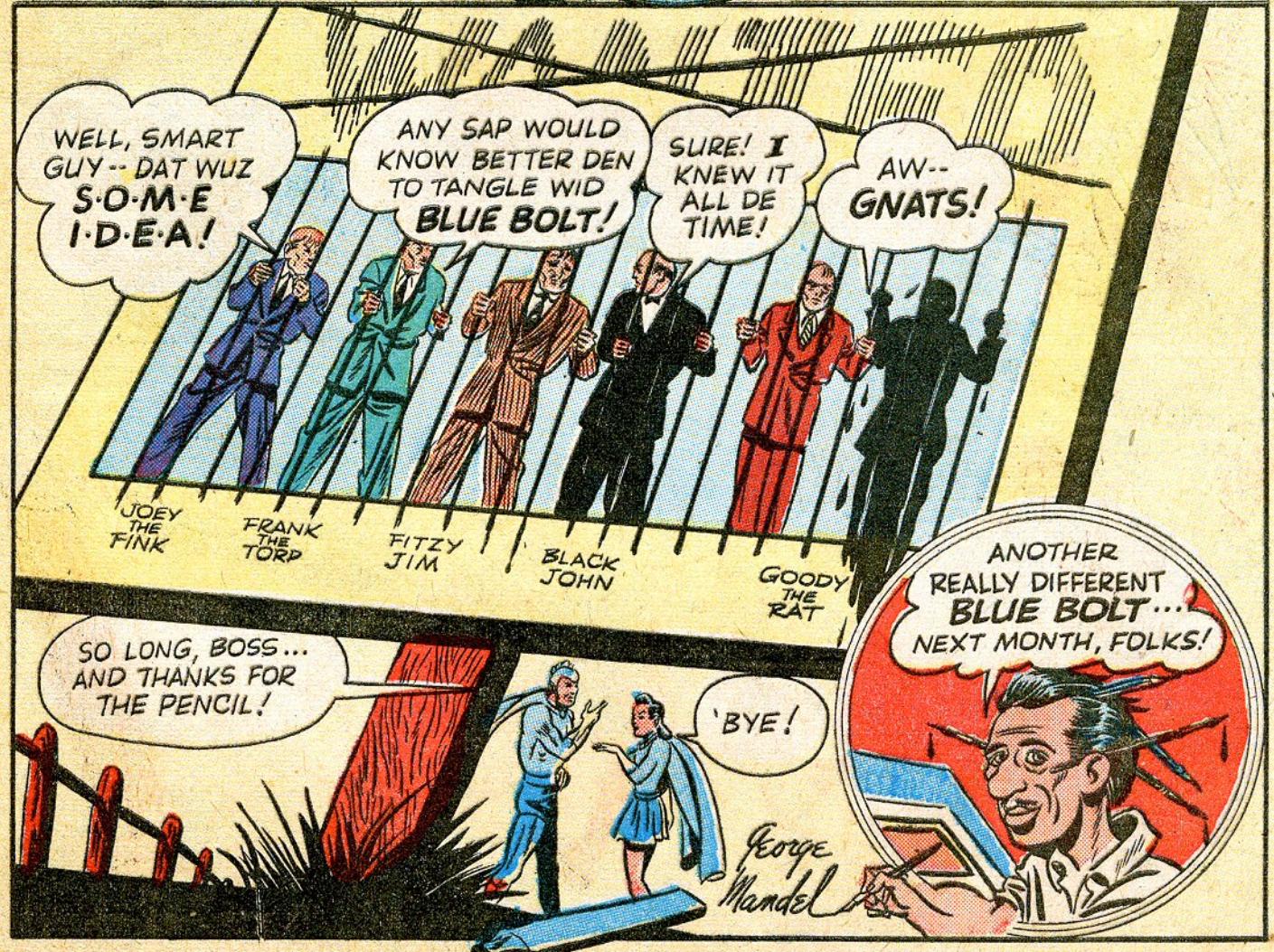
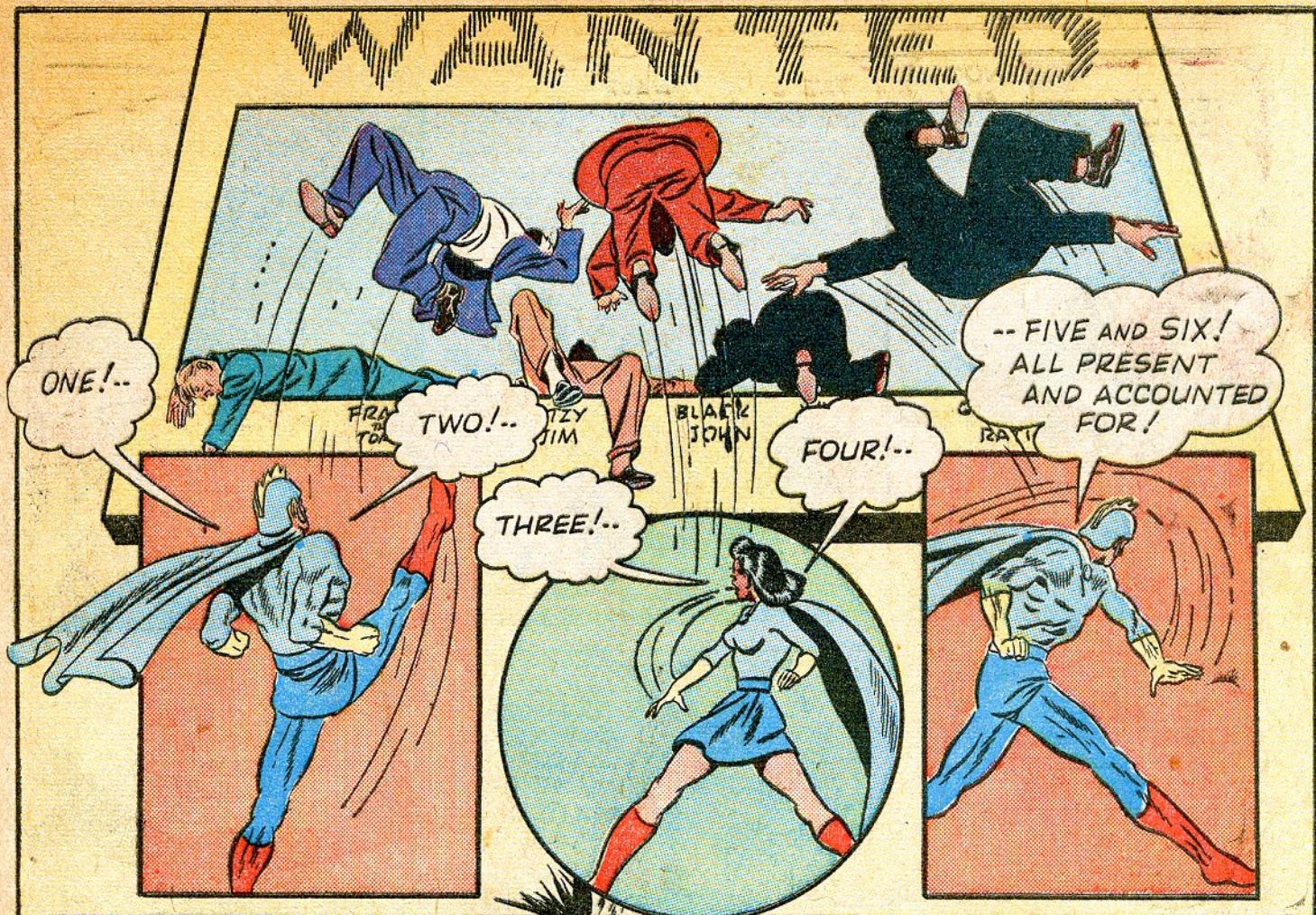
COMING THROUGH!

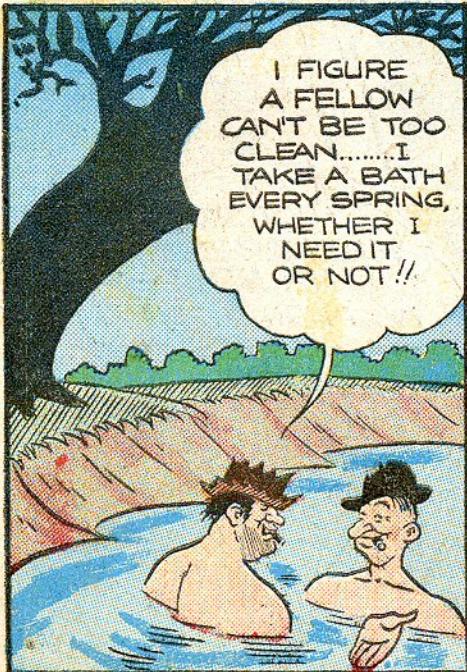
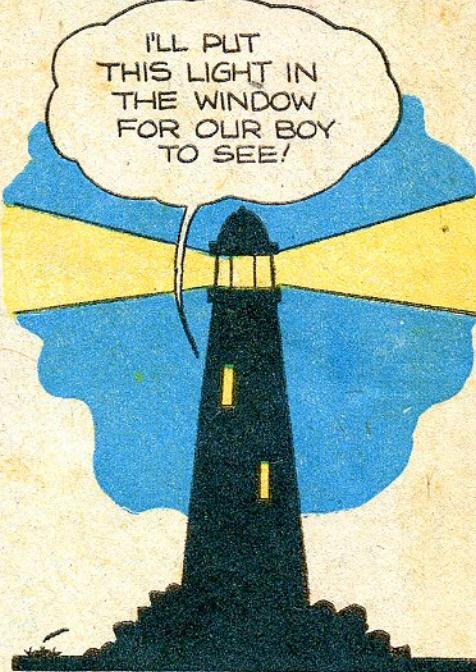
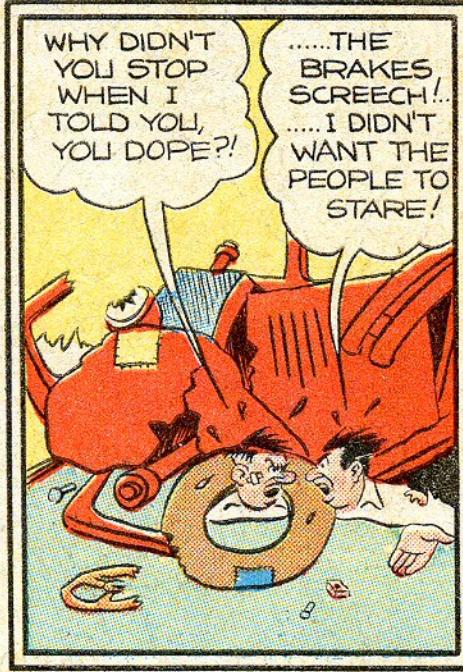
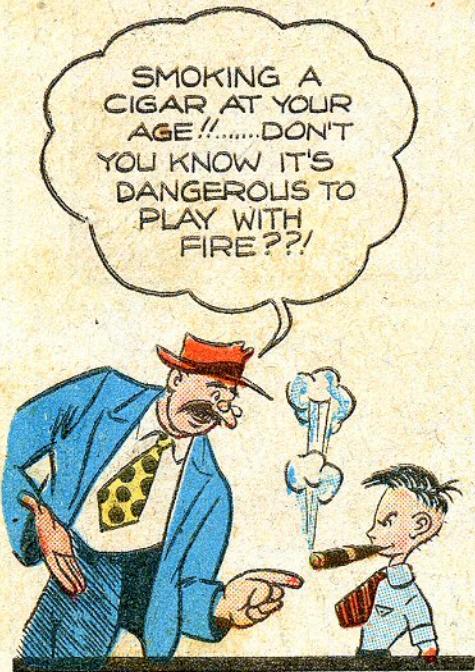
LUCKY I WUZ ABLE TO GET TO MY KNIFE!

BETTER PUT IT AWAY ... BEFORE SUMBUDDY GITS HOITED... MEANING US!











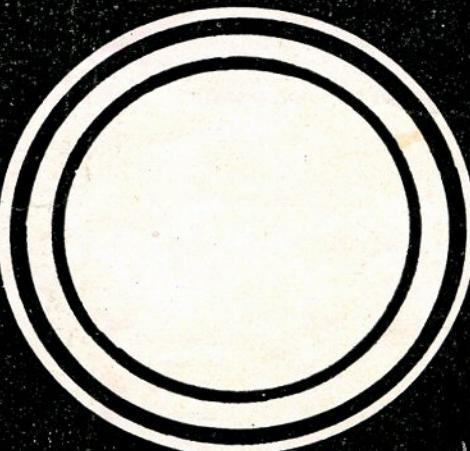
IT'S
A RED,
WHITE,
AND BLUE
BUTTON.

BLACKOUT BUTTON

It Glows in the Dark

PIN IT ON
YOUR LAPEL

WEAR IT ON
YOUR BELT
BOTH FRONT
AND BACK



EVERY
MEMBER
OF YOUR
FAMILY
SHOULD
HAVE ONE

INSTRUCTIONS FOR USING HOLD TO THE LIGHT

- Expose the luminous article to daylight or hold it close to an electric bulb for **FIVE SECONDS.** (This will "charge" it with light.)

It Will Then Glow in the Dark For Several Hours

The glow is brilliant in the first few minutes immediately following the exposure to light, then very gradually it becomes weaker.

When the luminous glow dims, recharge by exposing it to light. Long exposure to light is not necessary, since it will not increase the duration of luminescence.

When going into a dark room from strong sunlight, the full effect of the glow will not be evident until your eyes have had time to accustom themselves to the darkness.

No. MO-210 25c



CARRY

Carry BILLFOLD AND COIN PURSE. Rubberized leather. State initial to be stamped.

No. MO-124 45c



GIVE

Give mother or sister a gold-filled BIRTHSTONE RING. Send month of birth and ring size.

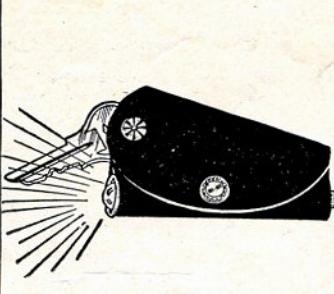
No. MO-199 55c



SPOT

Spot far-off objects with this 3 3/4" POCKET TELESCOPE. Lenses optically ground.

No. MO-169 40c



SEE

See the keyhole at night with KEE-LITE. Combination key holder and flashlight.

No. MO-182 32c



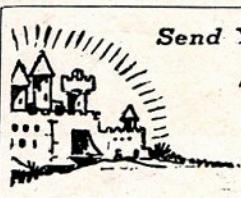
EXPERIMENT

Experiment with the GYROSCOPE TOP. Find how airplanes and ships keep even keel.

No. MO-960 25c

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